

New Oxford Item.

VOL. 40.

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1918.

NO. 15.

Personal.

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Wm. A. Wagner, of Philadelphia, a former resident of town, is spending some time with friends here.

Herbert Nace, who has been making his home with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ditenhafer, Berlin Ave., and who has been employed in the Itelbold barber shop, has secured employment at McKeesport. His brother, Arthur Nace, left recently to secure employment at the same place.

Miss Ida Feiser, stenographer in the office of the New Oxford Foundry & Mfg. Co., spent a few days vacation with friends at Gettysburg. Miss Clara Feiser, trained nurse, who has been spending some time at her home here, received a professional call at Hummelstown, and left for that place on Thursday morning.

Samuel Swamley, son of Mrs. Ella Swamley, West High street, who has been employed in a restaurant at Washington, D. C. for sometime, has returned home and is now driving the Wm. J. Miller ice wagon.

Miss Florence McCadden, of Poplar street, spent several days as the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Melhorn, at Bonneauville.

Harley Hulick, of Philadelphia, spent some time with his grandmother, Mrs. Anna Hulick, and other relatives in town.

Edgar Speece, wife and niece of Baltimore, are spending some time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Feiser, 112 High street. Mr. and Mrs. Feiser and son, and their guests spent the week-end with relatives at Harrisburg.

Miss Bernadine Christner, a trained nurse, of Baltimore, is spending some time at the home of her mother, Mrs. W. J. Christner, at Bonneauville.

Mrs. W. J. Christner and daughter, Miss Bernadine, of Bonneauville, left on Tuesday to spend some time with the former's sister and brother, Sister Clara and Brother L. J. Smith, of St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming.

Walter J. and Zachariah M. Craumer, and Mark and George Rutter, left Abbottstown Tuesday for Buffalo, N. Y., to bring back four new Ford touring cars.

Oliver Bryon, wife and two children, who have been spending some time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Kohler, of Lincoln Way, West, returned to their home at Atlantic City, on Saturday. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Kohler, who expect to spend a few days at the seashore.

The Rev. Fr. Jerome Lawrence of Chattanooga, Tenn., is visiting at the home of his parents, in Harrisburg, where his father is in a critical condition, being sick for sometime. The Rev. Mr. Lawrence is a teacher at the Sacred Heart college, Chattanooga.

Misses Mabel and Bernadine Lingg, of near town, visited friends at Emmitsburg. W. F. Kuhn and children, of Brooklyn, are spending the summer at their summer home, near East Berlin.

Prof. R. N. Heltzel, principal of the schools at Kingston, with his family, are spending the summer vacation with his father, Edwin Heltzel, and brother-in-law and sister, Chas. P. Shultz and wife, on his farm at Kohler's mill.

J. Franklin Blair, of Columbus, Ohio, is spending a ten days' vacation at the home of his mother, Mrs. Susan Blair, Lincoln Way, West.

Misses Catharine and Geraldine Staub, of near town, spent the week visiting at the home of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burke, at McSherrytown.

Mrs. Sylvester J. Wolf and Miss Lillie Wolf, of New Oxford, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wolf, at Abbottstown on Wednesday and Thursday.

Among the late arrivals at Blue Ridge Summit, is another foreign officer—Gustav Munisago, charged with affairs of Chile, and his family.

Dr. G. W. M. Stock and wife, of New York City, are spending some time with relatives and friends in town and vicinity.

Ralph Heck and bride, of Hanover, spent Sunday at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Croft, at Berlin Junction. Misses Opheal and Ruth Heck, also of Hanover, spent Sunday at the same place.

Miss Mary Chronister, of McSherrytown, spent Saturday with her brother, Curtis Chronister, and family, of Lincoln Way, East.

Mrs. J. Felix Sanders, Lincoln Way, East, spent the week-end with her husband, who is employed at Harrisburg.

Mrs. J. A. Sheely and children, of Martinsburg, W. Va., visited relatives and friends here, their former home.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Wilkesburg, Pa., is spending some time here as the guest of Miss Dorothy Miller, Lincoln Way, West.

Rev. L. E. Dietterich and son Archie, of Montgomery, Pa., are visiting among parishioners of the New Chester Lutheran Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Dietterich, was a former pastor.

A number of young ladies from town, chaperoned by Miss Maria Kelm, left on Tuesday morning for a two weeks' outing at Waldheim.

Harry M. Barnitz and son, of Pittsburgh, are spending some time at the home of his brother, cashier Jas. W. Barnitz and family, of Hanover street.

Mrs. J. A. Foote, of West High street, spent the past week with friends at West-minster.

Mrs. M. G. Nagle, of Abbottstown, spent Saturday with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Slaybaugh, Lincoln Way, East.

Frank G. Carns, wife and daughter, of Hanover, are spending several weeks at Abbottstown, the guests of Mr. Carns' parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Carns.

Miss Dorothy Howden, of Steelton, was the guest of Miss Ida E. Feiser, the forepart of the week.

Corporal Collias, of Tulsa, Okla., now stationed at Camp Colt, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller, Hanover street.

Miss Emma Carns, who spent the past

Bugle Notes.

Mrs. George L. Adams, of Hanover, received a cablegram from her husband, announcing his safe arrival in France.

Homer W. Robinson, of Littlestown, has enlisted in the U. S. Navy as a first class yeoman. He is now home awaiting call.

Sergeant George L. Adams, arrived, safely overseas, according to a message received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Adams, of Hanover.

John E. Wiley, of Bermudian, who went to Camp Lee, a few weeks ago has been rejected on account of physical disability, returned to his home.

A postal card announcing the safe arrival of Serg. A. W. Resser, in France, has been received by his father, W. W. Resser, of East Berlin.

J. H. Peterman, Lincoln Way, West, has received word that his son, Lawrence Peterman, has arrived safely overseas.

Charles Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith, of Littlestown, enlisted in the U. S. Army and was sent to Columbus, Ohio.

B. D. Snyder, of Gettysburg, has received word of the safe arrival of his son, Charles Snyder, overseas.

The 302nd Battalion, Heavy Tanks, pulled out of Camp Colt, Gettysburg, shortly after 7 o'clock on Monday morning in a long line of trucks and trailers, passing thru New Oxford. They were bound for another camp "Somewhere in Pennsylvania".

Under a recent Government request this is all that may be published about the movement until the arrival of the tankers at their destination.

Ira Sterner, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Sterner, of Gettysburg, has arrived safely overseas, according to word received by his parents. Another son, Walter Sterner, has been in France for sometime.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Dubs, of Hanover, received a letter from their son Delphus, "Somewhere in France," stating that both he and Roswell, a brother are well and happy.

F. K. Hafer, of Abbottstown, received a letter recently from his son, Sergeant L. J. Hafer, of Co. L, 59th regiment, now in France, who writes that he is well and enjoying the service and the sights.

Mrs. O. F. Bowers Drowned

Mrs. Margaret Bowers, wife of O. F. Bowers, the latter a former Hanover resident, was drowned in Feather river near Live Oaks, while on an outing on Saturday, July 6th. Mrs. E. B. Hershey, also a former Hanover resident, now of San Jose, Cal., was also nearly drowned at the same time but was rescued by her husband, who also made futile efforts to save Mrs. Bowers. Mrs. Bowers was a niece of Mrs. Hershey. The parents of her husband live in Adams county. Mrs. Bowers was 34 years of age, and leaves three children; a father, J. J. Peterson, of Nevada, Iowa; two brothers and four sisters, all residents of Iowa.

The accident occurred near San Jose, California.

The following is taken from a letter from one of the "boys" recently sent from Adams county to Camp Lee, Va.: After our second week in camp the spirits of the boys are keeping up in splendid shape. Very little dissatisfaction is heard and all seem to be making the best of things—publicly at least. The only real kick that anyone has is the poor mail service. Very few have heard from home or anywhere for that matter. The company suffered its first casualty when Claude Stock was struck in the chest by a chip of flying steel from an axe he was repairing. Fortunately it was not serious although it was impossible to remove the steel. Four members of the renowned York Springs baseball team of 1912 are in camp. Howe and Albert are catching for two teams but Myers and Lischy are not out of quarantine so they have not yet had any chance. All are in different companies.

Miss Myrtle Furney, of Gettysburg, has received word from her uncle, Private Curtis M. Kime, of the county seat, who is with the Marines somewhere in France that he has been wounded. He says: "I was wounded on June 7th, in the left leg and am now in the hospital. I got hit with a piece of shell which burst about 50 feet away and when they operated on me I think they took a piece out of my leg about two inches long and one inch wide. It is lying up nicely."

While he was engaged in rolling a stone with a heavy crow-bar George Sprengle, of Menges Mills, was severely cut on the right temple and rendered unconscious by the blow. It appears that the bar slipped from his grip and struck him knocking him down. He was taken to the home of his brother, Henry, with whom he resides. Dr. Hoke, of Spring Grove, dressed the injury. The accident occurred at the Bittinger stone quarry.

Hanover, with cash per capita sales of \$1980, leads all districts of York county in the actual sale of the "baby" securities. The district, with reports not yet received from seventeen schools, also leads in combined sales and pledges with a per capita rating of \$22.06. This is the report made by O. R. Reul, chairman of the York County War Savings committee.

Elmer, young son of Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Smith, residing on the former Judge Dicks farm, near Waldheim, had the tips of the index and middle fingers of his right hand badly crushed by having them caught in the cogs of a machine a few days ago. A local surgeon dressed the wounds.

It is predicted by farmers in this section that the potato crop will be the poorest in years. Some early potatoes have already been taken up, the stalks having died off, and while the tubers are of nice size, the stalks contain only four. Most of the patches look very poor.

Winter and spring in Danville, attending school, returned to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Carns, at Abbottstown, on Saturday.

Thomas Corcoran and wife, of Dover, N. J., are spending the week with Mrs. Corcoran's sister, Mrs. C. L. Eicholtz, of Lincoln Way East, and Mrs. Eugene Haas, at Hanover.

Martin Winter

Yields to Brief Illness.

After an illness of less than a week, Martin Winter, one of Gettysburg's most useful citizens, died at his home at 5:30 o'clock on Friday morning. Death was caused by paralysis, complicated with uraemic poisoning and other condition. He was in his 60th year. Though not of robust constitution for years, Mr. Winter was able to attend to his business until last Saturday when he sustained a slight stroke of apoplexy. Sunday his condition was found to be much worse and he sank gradually until the end came on Friday. On Tuesday evening a week he attended the monthly meeting of the town council of which he was a member. He fell while leaving the building but no special importance was attached to this mishap. Several days later, however, he had another fall in his office, and he grew weaker daily, the attack of apoplexy coming as a climax to his failing condition. Mr. Winter was a marked type of the self-made man. Starting in life with no financial means, earning his way through several schools, entering an ambitious business career, and launching projects which required fore-sight and faith, he accomplished results which will stand for many years as monuments to his courage and persistent effort for the betterment of the town. He was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter Winter and was a native and life-long resident of Gettysburg. During his active life he was engaged in the insurance and real estate business, and did more toward the building up and improving of the county seat than any other known citizen. Mr. Winter was serving his second term as a member of the town council when he was fatally stricken. He leaves one brother and one sister, Joseph Winter, of New Oxford, and Miss Mary Winter, of Emmitsburg.

A marriage license was granted at York to Joseph Hershberger, Jr., of York, and Margie A. Ziegler, of East Berlin.

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A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY.

French troops hit the German lines a smashing blow in the area almost directly north of Paris. The attack was delivered along a two and one-half mile front. At some points General Petain's troops pushed into the enemy positions a mile. Two farms were captured. A counter attack was repulsed. Some 450 prisoners were taken.

The blow was struck south of the Matz river, between Montdidier and the Oise. The attacking forces were assisted by tanks.

Patrol activity and local operations are increasing on the Italian mountain front. On the lower Piave the Austrians, it is estimated, lost 20,000 men killed, wounded and prisoner, last week, when they were driven back across the river.

WEDNESDAY.

There are indications that the Germans are preparing an effort of some magnitude to recapture the high ground won by the Australians and Americans in the past few days, east of Amiens.

The enemy artillery opened a bombardment of considerable intensity in this sector over a front of eight miles. On the Flanders front the British advanced their line slightly near Merris. On the French front there were artillery duels north of Montdidier and in the Longpont region on the northern part of the Marne front. The sectors of the Marne salient held by the Americans are unusually quiet.

Franco-Italian success in Albania apparently threatens seriously the Austro-Hungarians. The French are making gains in eastern Albania west of Lake Ochrida while the Italians are advancing steadily in the west. The Austrian line appears to be V-shaped, with the allies pressing on both flanks. An Austrian retreatment probably would compel the Bulgars to rearrange their lines in Macedonia.

THURSDAY.

The French captured the town and railway station of Corey and the farm and chateau of St. Paul, south of Soissons. This gain of ground serves further to protect the forest of Villers-Cotterets, which forms a bulwark of the defense of Compeigne.

On the British front, south of the Somme, Field Marshal Haig's infantry pushed further forward, gaining ground east of Villers-Bretonneux which stands as an important defense of the allied base at Amiens.

The net result of the French operations of the last few days, together with an earlier operation further north, late in June, is that the French front now runs in almost a straight line along a series of strong positions for twelve miles from the Aisne southward below Corey.

The Italian forces in Albania are continuing their offensive. The Austro-Hungarians are falling back on the Skumbi river, twenty-five miles north of Berat.

FRIDAY.

Italian forces in Albania have captured the important base at Berat. The fighting in this new war area has spread eastward to the allied line in

Macedonia, and now extends over a front of 175 miles.

French troops captured the village of Longpont, in the Marne salient, east of Villers-Cotterets. This extension of the front is threatening the salient held by the Germans between the Longpont district and the American sector northwest of Chateau Thierry.

Bolshevik troops report successes over Czechoslovak troops in eastern Russia and in Siberia. It is claimed the Czechs have been driven from town on the Volga, northeast and southeast of Moscow.

SATURDAY.

British reinforcements have been sent to Siberia to assist the Russians and Czechoslovaks who are opposing the Bolsheviks. Supporting the allies, the new government set up in Siberia has proclaimed Lieutenant General Horvath as provisional ruler. General Horvath for many years was Russian commander at Harbin and general manager of the Chinese Eastern Railway. He is anti-German and anti-Bolshevik.

French forces have struck hard in the Picardy battlefield. Along the Avre river, northwest of Montdidier the French advanced their lines more than a mile on a front of three miles. They captured 500 prisoners and drove the enemy back on a sector vital to the defense of Amiens.

In capturing Castillon and strong fortified positions, the French have advanced almost to the western bank of the Avre.

SUNDAY.

Quick, well-planned jabs by the allies are reported to have been respite for the holding up of the German offensive, due ever since July 5. "Nibbling" tactics of Koch are said to have disorganized Ludendorff's plans by taking important strategic points and compelling readjustments of German plans. The Hun's morale is said to be suffering from the constant hammering, as their high command never will send relief from the reserves massed for attack.

Prisoners say Ludendorff's aim will be to cripple the allied army, rather than to strike for any particular objective. He may make another stab at Amiens and Paris, or he may strike between Rheims and Verdun.

MAY BECOME OFFICERS

Draftees May Attend Training School Under New Order.

A new order has been received at the University of Pennsylvania by Major Charles Griffith, head of the military training school, permits men in the present draft as well as civilians who have had a high school education, who are physically fit and otherwise qualified to attend one of the officers' training schools at Camp Lee, Gordon, and Pike for infantry training, at Camp Taylor for artillery training, and Camp Hancock for machine gun training.

While these schools will begin immediately, they will be continuous, and applicants may apply for admission at any time during the summer. Those living in the eastern part of the state, near Philadelphia, desiring to apply, should write immediately to Major Charles N. Griffith, Department of Military Affairs, University of Pennsylvania.

The infantry and machine gun schools will be conducted for four months, and so arranged as to graduate one class of approximately 600 members each month for each school. The training in artillery will be for a period of three months.

The schools are open to civilians within the draft age, inducted into the service for the purpose of attending the schools; a limited number of civilians beyond the draft age and not above forty years and men within four months of being of age. They must be citizens of the United States, not born in any country now at war with the United States. Candidates must be graduates of a high school or have an equivalent preliminary training.

Council of State Votes For Hostilities as President Demanded.

The council of state, acting in accordance with its legislative powers under the new Haytian constitution, has unanimously voted a declaration of war upon Germany.

It was demanded by the president of the republic.

Hayti, following Costa Rica, makes the twenty-second nation to declare war on Germany.

Japanese to Build U. S. Ships.

Contracts for 30 additional steel cargo ships have been let by the shipping board to Japanese yards. Contracts also have been let for building 20 transports to the Bethlehem Shipbuilding corporation, at Alameda, Cal.

Maryland Aviator Killed.

Lieutenant Alexander Santos died at the base hospital at Fort Sam Houston, at San Antonio, Tex., from injuries received when he fell in an airplane near Brooks field. His father is John Santos, of Baltimore.

HUNS ADVANCE ACROSS MARNE

A new German drive which smashed loose on a sixty-mile front after an all-night bombardment—the longest to precede any offensive this year—was still in full swing when front despatches indicated the Germans were advancing in the center, where they had crossed the Marne at several points, but were well held on the flanks.

It is too early to give details or to speculate, since the battle is in its initial stage. But one thing is certain: America's troops who are in the very thick of the fighting, are giving a splendid account of themselves.

West of Chateau Thierry, where the Germans made a large-scale flat attack before their real drive was set into motion, Pershing's boys gave them the surprise of their lives. They "stonewalled" a terrific assault in the region of Vaux village, recently captured from the Germans, and then hit back a smashing blow which must have been a crushing hammer for the foe on a day when his morale must be at top notch to insure success in this latest great game for a decision.

In the offensive itself, which extends from Chateau Thierry as far as the Main-de-Massiges, thirty-two miles east of Rheims, the German picked shock divisions are for the first time testing American steel in a great battle, and every despatch from the front tells of the veteran-like valor and tenacity with which the Americans are fighting.

In sectors where resistance to the last was ordered they "fought and died where they stood," and the units that backed them up showed up or even entirely checked the German onrush. In other sectors strategy dictated withdrawal, and in those cases they drew back, battling yard for yard, exacting fearful toll.

On the right wing of their center, south of the Marne, the Germans had advanced up to noon some four miles, and were standing before the town of Comde-en-Brie, eight miles southeast of Chateau Thierry. That is, at this filing, the only definite indication of the attackers' progress.

Simultaneously with the opening of the drive, mustard missiles from the "political cannon" began to fall into Paris.

It is permissible to state that the French command regarded the situation as satisfactory. The Americans yielded slightly between Fossey and River-sur-Melon in the initial phase of the battle, but restored their positions in dashing counter attacks.

Fighting Ranks With Fiercest of War.

Some of the severest fighting of the war is taking place at the front between Chateau Thierry and the Main-de-Massiges, along a front of about fifty miles.

The most violent engagements are occurring in the neighborhood of Dormans on the Marne, where the Germans are attempting to cross the river.

The latest information shows the enemy demonstration on the eastern limits of the Champagne is being held by the French army under the command of one of the most brilliant of France's soldiers, who made his reputation in the colonies and at the Dardanelles.

The German infantrymen launched their attack about dawn. They were accompanied to the east of Rheims by a large number of tanks. These, however, were met by the admirable defenses of the French.

The gigantic battle started at midnight with one of the heaviest preparations of artillery ever experienced from the German side. The French, seeing indications of the attack coming, however, had begun their counter preparation an hour earlier. This greatly disturbed the enemy.

On the north side of the river Marne in the woods and ravines the Germans had been enabled to concentrate pontons and lattice work bridges for a passage of the stream. When they approached, however, they found that their temporary crossing places were being enfiladed, and their efforts must have cost them the heaviest losses.

How many German divisions were thrown into the battle is not known yet, but it is evident that their reserves which had been training far behind the lines were brought forward in large bodies.

The indications for the present are that the principal enemy effort is being made toward Chateau Thierry, but the development of the operation will, as usual, depend on the measure of success at any section of the line.

The allied staffs are absolutely confident of their ability to hold their line, and, although the Germans may advance at some points, their progress, it is declared, will be stayed just as soon as their intentions become clear.

YANKEES HALT GERMAN DRIVE

Following a terrific bombardment, five German divisions under the cover of smoke screens, attacked the Americans, crossing the Marne in pontons in the region of Jaulgonne. They advanced from three to four kilometers (between 2 and 2½ miles) in three hours.

An American counter attack then swept the Germans back. The Americans executed a brilliant turning movement westward, driving the enemy back to the railway line, only a few miles south of the Marne.

The most desperate fighting continues. The Americans are pressing the enemy toward the river, while their artillery is concentrating its fire on smashing the pontons, which the enemy is continually attempting to replenish.

In their counter attack the Americans captured a German major, two captains, several lieutenants and nearly 500 men. At the same time they released Americans who had been captured in the earlier stages of the fighting and who had not been sent to the rear.

The French army commander congratulated the Americans upon their valor and success.

At five o'clock in the evening the Germans were heavily shelling the American forces, but were getting shell for shell in return, and their fire seemed to be diminishing.

The Vaux district is comparatively calm now. On the American right heavy fighting is in progress.

American machine gunners along the river assisted materially in breaking up the early boche plans, for they stuck to their posts and poured deadly streams of bullets into the enemy and only withdrew when their guns were so hot they could not be fired.

One group of machine gunners happened to be in a place where the Germans were anxious to erect a bridge, but their efforts were fruitless. The American bullets piled up the German dead on the opposite side of the river every time the enemy started to cross.

It is clear that the German attack in the Vaux region completely broke down under the American counter attack.

Reports from Vaux indicate that the Americans had advanced their line in this region in the face of the determined enemy attack. The advance extended a distance of approximately 700 yards, but the Americans subsequently withdrew to their original line for strategic reasons. Twenty-eight Germans were taken prisoner in this sector.

The American barrage here broke up the enemy waves and drove them back in confusion.

The attack came after a most violent bombardment of high explosives and gas shells throughout the night. The American troops sought shelter wherever it was available. When the enemy infantry appeared, the Americans swarmed out and met the attackers with a rain of machine gun bullets.

The American machine gunners let the enemy come close to their positions and then opened a deadly fire into the advancing close formations of Germans. The Americans wore their gas masks as they fought.

An enemy bombardment of towns in the rear of the lines began shortly after six o'clock A. M.

Heavy shells from German naval guns are falling in regions far behind the actual battle area, many of these projectiles having fallen in the city of Meaux, twenty-five miles from Chateau Thierry. In many of these towns the German shell fire is constant, the projectiles being from 10 to 12 inch naval guns.

In their attack in the Marne front the Germans threw many bridges across the river. Over these the Germans passed under a withering fire from the artillery, their progress also being stayed by the machine gunners.

The operation at Vaux appeared to be a feint, for soon after it began the Germans attacked all along the Marne, where they were gallantly opposed by more of the American troops and the French.

Train Tosses Motor 80 Feet.

The Wilkes-Barre express on the P. R. R. crashed into a motor car of Charles H. Sproesser, of Reading, at Muhlenberg crossing, near Reading, Pa. Emma Elizabeth Sproesser, seven years old, was killed. Her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Sproesser, and two children were injured. The car was thrown eighty feet.

War Decreases Hay Fever.

The war has caused a decline in hay fever, according to claim of the Chicago department of health. It was explained that hay fever is spread by weeds and that the cultivation of war gardens has almost eliminated weeds thus bringing much relief to sufferers from the disease.

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Mrs. I. A. Slocy and children, of Martinsburg, W. Va., visited relatives and friends here, their former home.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Wilkinstown, Pa., is spending some time here as the guest of Miss Dorothy Miller, Lincoln Way, West.

Rev. E. E. Dietterich and son Archie, of Montgomery, Pa., are visiting among parishioners of the New Chester Lutheran Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Dietterich was a former pastor.

A number of young ladies from town, chaparoned by Miss Maria Kehm, left on Tuesday morning for a two weeks' outing at Waldheim.

Harry M. Barnitz and son, of Pittsburg, are spending some time at the home of his brother, cashier Jas. W. Barnitz and family, of Hanover street.

Mrs. J. A. Foose, of West High street, spent the past week with friends at Westminster.

Mrs. M. G. Nagle, of Abbottstown, spent Saturday with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Slaybaugh, Lincoln Way, East.

Frank G. Carns, wife and daughter, of Hanover, are spending several weeks at Abbottstown, the guests of Mr. Carns' parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Carns.

Miss Dorothy Howden, of Steelton, was the guest of Miss Ida E. Feiser, the forepart of the week.

Corporal Collas, of Tulsa, Okla., now stationed at Camp Colt, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller, Hanover street.

Miss Emma Carns, who spent the past

Bugle Notes.

Mrs. George L. Adams, of Hanover, received a cablegram from her husband, announcing his safe arrival in France.

Homer W. Robinson, of Littlestown, has enlisted in the U. S. Navy as a first-class yeoman. He is now home awaiting call.

Sergeant George L. Adams, arrived, safely overseas, according to a message received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Adams, of Hanover.

John E. Wiley, of Bermudian, who went to Camp Lee, a few weeks ago has been rejected on account of physical disability, returned to his home.

A postal card announcing the safe arrival of Serg. A. W. Reiser, in France, has been received by his father, W. W. Reiser, of East Berlin.

J. H. Peterman, Lincoln Way, West, has received word that his son, Lawrence Peterman, has arrived safely overseas.

Charles Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith, of Littlestown, enlisted in the U. S. Army and was sent to Columbus, Ohio.

B. D. Snyder, of Gettysburg, has received word of the safe arrival of his son, Charles Snyder, overseas.

The 302nd Battalion, Heavy Tanks, pulled out of Camp Colt, Gettysburg, shortly after 7 o'clock on Monday morning in a long line of trucks and trailers, passing thru New Oxford. They were bound for another camp "Somewhere in Pennsylvania." Under a recent Government request this is all that may be published about the movement until the arrival of the tankers at their destination.

Ira Sterner, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Sterner, of Gettysburg, has arrived safely overseas, according to word received by his parents. Another son, Walter Sterner, has been in France for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Dubs, of Hanover, received a letter from their son Delphus, "Somewhere in France," stating that both he and Roswell, a brother are well and happy.

P. K. Hafer, of Abbottstown, received a letter recently from his son, Sergeant L. J. Hafer, of Co. L, 59th regiment, now in France, who writes that he is well and enjoying the service and the sights.

Mrs. O. F. Bowers Drowned

Mrs. Margaret Bowers, wife of O. F. Bowers, the latter a former Hanover resident, was drowned in Feather river near Live Oaks, while on an outing on Saturday, July 6th. Mrs. E. B. Hershey, also a former Hanover resident, now of San Jose, Cal., was also nearly drowned at the same time but was rescued by her husband, who also made futile efforts to save Mrs. Bowers. Mrs. Bowers was a niece of Mrs. Hershey. The parents of her husband live in Adams county. Mrs. Bowers was 34 years of age, and leaves three children; a father, J. J. Peterson, of Nevada, Iowa; two brothers and four sisters, all residents of Iowa.

The accident occurred near San Jose, California.

The following is taken from a letter from one of the "boys" recently sent from Adams county to Camp Lee, Va.: After our second week in camp the spirits of the boys are keeping up in splendid shape. Very little dissatisfaction is heard and all seem to be making the best of things—publicly at least. The only real kick that anyone has is the poor mail service. Very few have heard from home or anywhere for that matter. The company suffered its first casualty when Claude Stock was struck in the chest by a chip of flying steel from an axe he was repairing. Fortunately it was not serious although it was impossible to remove the steel. Four members of the renowned York Springs baseball team of 1912 are in camp. Howe and Albert are catching for two teams but Myers and Lischy are not out of quarantine so they have not yet had any chance. All are in different companies.

Miss Myrtle Furney, of Gettysburg, has received word from her uncle, Private Curtis M. Kime, of the county seat, who is with the Marines somewhere in France that he has been wounded. He says: "I was wounded on June 7th, in the left leg and am now in the hospital. I got hit with a piece of shell which burst about 50 feet away and when they operated on me I think they took a piece out of my leg about two inches long and one inch wide. It is healing up nicely."

While he was engaged in rolling a stone with a heavy crow-bar George Sprengle, of Menges Mills, was severely cut on the right temple and rendered unconscious by the blow. It appears that the bar slipped from his grip and struck him knocking him down. He was taken to the home of his brother, Henry, with whom he resides. Dr. Hoke, of Spring Grove, dressed the injury. The accident occurred at the Bittinger stone quarry.

Hanover, with cash per capita sales of \$1980, leads all districts of York county in the actual sale of the "baby" securities. The district, with reports not yet received from seventeen schools, also leads in combined sales and pledges with a per capita rating of \$22.06. This is the report made by O. R. Read, chairman of the York County War Savings committee.

Elmer, young son of Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Smith, residing on the former Judge Dicks farm, near Waldheim, had the tips of the index and middle fingers of his right hand badly crushed by having them caught in the cogs of a machine a few days ago. A local surgeon dressed the wounds.

It is predicted by farmers in this section that the potato crop will be the poorest in years. Some early potatoes have already been taken up, the stalks having died off, and while the tubers are of nice size, the stalks contain only four. Most of the patches look very poor.

winter and spring in Danville, attending school, returned to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Carns, at Abbottstown on Saturday.

Thomas Corcoran and wife, of Dover, N. J., are spending the week with Mrs. Corcoran's sister, Mrs. C. L. Eicholtz, of Lincoln Way East, and Mrs. Eugene Haas, at Hanover.

Martin Winter

Yields to Brief Illness.

After an illness of less than a week, Martin Winter, one of Gettysburg's most useful citizens, died at his home at 5:30 o'clock on Friday morning. Death was caused by paralysis, complicated with uraemic poisoning and other condition. He was in his 68th year. Though not of robust constitution for years, Mr. Winter was able to attend to his business until last Saturday when he sustained a slight stroke of apoplexy. Sunday his condition was found to be much worse and he sank gradually until the end came on Friday. On Tuesday evening a week he attended the monthly meeting of the town council of which he was a member. He fell while leaving the building but no special importance was attached to this mishap. Several days later, however, he had another fall in his office, and he grew weaker daily, the attack of apoplexy coming as a climax to his failing condition. Mr. Winter was a marked type of the self-made man. Starting in life with no financial means, earning his way through several schools, entering an ambitious business career, and launching projects which required foresight and faith, he accomplished results which will stand for many years as monuments to his courage and persistent effort for the betterment of the town. He was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter Winter and was a native and life-long resident of Gettysburg. During his active life he was engaged in the insurance and real estate business, and did more toward the building up and improving of the county seat than any other known citizen. Mr. Winter was serving his second term as a member of the town council when he was fatally stricken. He leaves one brother and one sister, Joseph Winter, of New Oxford, and Miss Mary Winter, of Emmitsburg.

A marriage license was granted at York to Joseph Hershberger, Jr., of York, and Margie A. Ziegler, of East Berlin.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY.

French troops hit the German lines a smashing blow in the area almost directly north of Paris. The attack was delivered along a two and one-half mile front. At some points General Petain's troops pushed into the enemy positions a mile. Two farms were captured. A counter attack was repulsed. Some 450 prisoners were taken.

The blow was struck south of the Matz river, between Montdidier and the Oise. The attacking forces were assisted by tanks.

Patrol activity and local operations are increasing on the Italian mountain front. On the lower Piave the Austrians, it is estimated, lost 20,000 men killed, wounded and prisoner, last week, when they were driven back across the river.

WEDNESDAY.

There are indications that the Germans are preparing an effort of some magnitude to recapture the high ground won by the Australians and Americans in the past few days, east of Amiens.

The enemy artillery opened a bombardment of considerable intensity in this sector over a front of eight miles. On the Flanders front the British advanced their line slightly near Merris. On the French front there were artillery duels north of Montdidier and in the Longpont region on the northern part of the Marne front. The sectors of the Marne salient held by the Americans are unusually quiet.

France-Italian success in Albania apparently threatens seriously the Austro-Hungarians. The French are making gains in eastern Albania west of Lake Ochrida while the Italians are advancing steadily in the west. The Austrian line appears to be V-shaped, with the allies pressing on both flanks. An Austrian retreatment probably would compel the Bulgars to rearrange their lines in Macedonia.

THURSDAY.

The French captured the town and railway station of Corey and the farm and chateau of St. Paul, south of Salsons. This gain of ground serves further to protect the forest of Villers-Cotterets, which forms a bulwark of the defense of Compiègne.

On the British front, south of the Somme, Field Marshal Haig's Infantry pushed further forward, gaining ground east of Villers-Bretonneux which stands as an important defense of the allied base at Amiens.

The net result of the French operations of the last few days, together with an earlier operation further north, late in June, is that the French front now runs in almost a straight line along a series of strong positions for twelve miles from the Aisne southward below Corey.

The Italian forces in Albania are continuing their offensive. The Austro-Hungarians are falling back on the Skumbi river, twenty-five miles north of Berat.

FRIDAY.

Italian forces in Albania have captured the important base at Berat. The fighting in this new war area has spread eastward to the allied line in

Macedonia, and now extends over a front of 175 miles.

French troops captured the village of Longpont, in the Marne salient, east of Villers-Cotterets. This extension of the front is threatening the salient held by the Germans between the Longpont district and the American sector northwest of Chateau Thierry.

Bolshevik troops report successes over Czech-Slovak troops in eastern Russia and in Siberia. It is claimed the Czechs have been driven from town on the Volga, northeast and southeast of Moscow.

SATURDAY.

British reinforcements have been sent to Siberia to assist the Russians and Czech-Slovaks who are opposing the Bolsheviks. Supporting the allies, the new government set up in Siberia has proclaimed Lieutenant General Torvath as provisional ruler. General Torvath for many years was Russian commander at Harbin and general manager of the Chinese Eastern Railway. He is anti-German and anti-Bolshevik.

French forces have struck hard in the Picardy battlefield. Along the Avre river, northwest of Montdidier the French advanced their lines more than a mile on a front of three miles. They captured 500 prisoners and drove the enemy back on a sector vital to the defense of Amiens.

In capturing Castel and strong fortified positions, the French have advanced almost to the western bank of the Avre.

SUNDAY.

Quick, well-planned jabs by the allies are reported to have been responsible for the holding up of the German offensive, due ever since July 5. "Nibbling" tactics of Foch are said to have disorganized Ludendorff's plans by taking important strategic points and compelling re-adjustments of German plans. The Huns' morale is said to be suffering from the constant hammering, as their high command never will send relief from the reserves massed for attack.

Prisoners say Ludendorff's aim will be to cripple the allied army, rather than to strike for any particular objective. He may make another stab at Amiens and Paris, or he may strike between Rheims and Verdun.

MAY BECOME OFFICERS

Draftsman May Attend Training School Under New Order.

A new order has been received at the University of Pennsylvania by Major Charles Griffith, head of the military training school, permits men in the present draft as well as civilians who have had a high school education, who are physically fit and otherwise qualified to attend one of the officers' training schools at Camp Lee, Gordon, and Pike for infantry training, at Camp Taylor for artillery training, and Camp Hancock for machine gun training.

While these schools will begin immediately, they will be continuous, and applicants may apply for admission at any time during the summer. Those living in the eastern part of the state, near Philadelphia, desiring to apply, should write immediately to Major Charles N. Griffith, Department of Military Affairs, University of Pennsylvania.

The infantry and machine gun schools will be conducted for four months, and so arranged as to graduate one class of approximately 600 members each month for each school. The training in artillery will be for a period of three months.

The schools are open to civilians within the draft age, inducted into the service for the purpose of attending the schools; a limited number of civilians beyond the draft age and not above forty years and men within four months of being of age. They must be citizens of the United States, not born in any country now at war with the United States. Candidates must be graduates of a high school or have an equivalent preliminary training.

Council of State Votes For Hostilities as President Demanded.

The council of state, acting in accordance with its legislative powers under the new Haytian constitution, has unanimously voted a declaration of war upon Germany.

It was demanded by the president of the republic.

Hayti, following Costa Rica, makes the twenty-second nation to declare war on Germany.

Japanese to Build U. S. Ships.

Contracts for 30 additional steel cargo ships have been let by the shipping board to Japanese yards. Contracts also have been let for building 20 transports to the Bethlehem Shipbuilding corporation, at Alameda, Cal.

Maryland Aviator Killed.

Lieutenant Alexander Santos died at the base hospital at Fort Sam Houston, at San Antonio, Tex., from injuries received when he fell in an airplane near Brooks field. His father is John Santos, of Baltimore.

HUNS ADVANCE ACROSS MARNE

A new German drive which smashed loose on a sixty-mile front after an all-night bombardment—the longest to precede any offensive this year—was still in full swing when front despatches indicated the Germans were advancing in the center, where they had crossed the Marne at several points, but were well held on the flanks.

It is too early to give details or to speculate, since the battle is in its initial stage. But one thing is certain: America's troops who are in the very thick of the fighting are giving a splendid account of themselves.

West of Chateau Thierry, where the Germans made a large-scale fight attack before their real drive was set into motion, Pershing's boys gave them the surprise of their lives. They "stonewalled" a terrific assault in the region of Vaux village, recently captured from the Teutons, and then hit back a smashing blow which must have been a crushing hammer for the foe on a day when his morale must be at top notch to insure success in this latest great game for a decision.

In the offensive itself, which extends from Chateau Thierry as far as the Main de Massiges, thirty-two miles east of Rheims, the German picked shock divisions are for the first time testing American steel in a great battle, and every despatch from the front tells of the veteran-like valor and tenacity with which the Americans are fighting.

In sectors where resistance to the last was ordered they "fought and died where they stood," and the units that backed them up showed up or even entirely checked the German onrush. In other sectors strategy dictated withdrawal, and in those cases they drew back, battling yard for yard, exacting fearful toll.

On the right wing of their center, south of the Marne, the Germans had advanced up to noon some four miles and were standing before the town of Conde-en-Trie, eight miles south-east of Chateau Thierry. That is, at this filing, the only definite indication of the attackers' progress.

Simultaneously with the opening of the drive, monster missiles from the "political cannon" began to fall into Paris.

It is permissible to state that the French command regarded the situation as satisfactory. The Americans yielded slightly between Fossey and River-sur-Mellin in the initial phase of the battle, but restored their positions in dashing counter attacks.

Fighting Ranks With Fiercest of War.

Some of the severest fighting of the war is taking place at the front between Chateau Thierry and the Main-de-Massiges, along a front of about fifty miles.

The most violent engagements are occurring in the neighborhood of Dormans on the Marne, where the Germans are attempting to cross the river.

The latest information shows the enemy demonstration on the eastern limits of the Champagne is being held by the French army under the command of one of the most brilliant of France's soldiers, who made his reputation in the colonies and at the Dardanelles.

The German infantrymen launched their attack about dawn. They were accompanied by a large number of tanks. These, however, were met by the admirable defenses of the French.

The gigantic battle started at midnight with one of the heaviest preparations of artillery ever experienced from the German side. The French, seeing indications of the attack coming, however, had begun their counter preparation an hour earlier. This greatly disturbed the enemy.

On the north side of the river Marne in the woods and ravines the Germans had been enabled to concentrate pontoons and little work bridges for a passage of the stream. When they approached, however, they found that their temporary crossing places were being enfiladed, and their efforts must have cost them the heaviest losses.

How many German divisions were thrown into the battle is not known yet, but it is evident that their reserves which had been training far behind the lines were brought forward in large bodies.

The indications for the present are that the principal enemy effort is being made toward Chateau Thierry, but the development of the operation will, as usual, depend on the measure of success at any section of the line.

The allied staffs are absolutely confident of their ability to hold their line, and, although the Germans may advance at some points, their progress, it is declared, will be stayed just as soon as their intentions become clear.

YANKEES HALT GERMAN DRIVE

Following a terrific bombardment, five German divisions under the cover of smoke screens, attacked the Americans, crossing the Marne in pontoons in the region of Jaulgonne. They advanced from three to four kilometers (between 2 and 2½ miles) in three hours.

An American counter attack then swept the Germans back. The Americans executed a brilliant turning movement westward, driving the enemy back to the railway line, only a few miles south of the Marne.

The most desperate fighting continues. The Americans are pressing the enemy toward the river, while their artillery is concentrating its fire on smashing the pontoons, which the enemy is continually attempting to replace.

In their counter attack the Americans captured a German major, two captains, several lieutenants and nearly 500 men. At the same time they released Americans who had been captured in the earlier stages of the fighting and who had not been sent to the rear.

The French army commander congratulated the Americans upon their valor and success.

At five o'clock in the evening the Germans were heavily shelling the American forces, but were getting shell for shell in return, and their fire seemed to be diminishing.

The Vaux district is comparatively calm now. On the American right heavy fighting is in progress.

American machine gunners along the river assisted materially in breaking up the early boche plans, for they stuck to their posts and poured deadly streams of bullets into the enemy and only withdrew when their guns were so hot they could not be fired.

One group of machine gunners happened to be in a place where the Germans were anxious to erect a bridge, but their efforts were fruitless. The American bullets piled up the German dead on the opposite side of the river every time the enemy started to cross.

It is clear that the German attack in the Vaux region completely broke down under the American counter attack.

Reports from Vaux indicate that the Americans had advanced their line in this region in the face of the determined enemy attack. The advance extended a distance of approximately 700 yards, but the Americans subsequently withdrew to their original line for strategic reasons. Twenty-eight Germans were taken prisoner in this sector.

The American barrage here broke up the enemy waves and drove them back in confusion.

The attack came after a most violent bombardment of high explosives and gas shells throughout the night. The American troops sought shelter wherever it was available. When the enemy infantry appeared, the Americans swarmed out and met the attackers with a rain of machine gun bullets.

The American machine gunners let the enemy come close to their positions and then opened a deadly fire into the advancing close formations of Germans. The Americans wore their gas masks as they fought.

An enemy bombardment of towns in the rear of the lines began shortly after six o'clock A. M.

Heavy shells from German naval guns are falling in regions far behind the actual battle area, many of these projectiles having fallen in the city of Meaux, twenty-five miles from Chateau Thierry. In many of these towns the German shell fire is constant, the projectiles being from 10 to 12 inch naval guns.

In their attack in the Marne front the Germans threw many bridges across the river. Over these the Germans passed under a withering fire from the artillery, their progress also being stayed by the machine gunners.

The operation at Vaux appeared to be a feint, for soon after it began the Germans attacked all along the Marne, where they were gallantly opposed by more of the American troops and the French.

Train Tosses Motor 80 Feet.

The Wilkes-Barre express on the P. R. R. crashed into a motor car of Charles H. Sproesser, of Reading, at Muhlenberg crossing, near Reading, Pa. Emma Elizabeth Sproesser, seven years old, was killed. Her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Sproesser, and two children were injured. The car was thrown eighty feet.

War Decreases Hay Fever.

The war has caused a decline in hay fever, according to claim of the Chicago department of health. It was explained that hay fever is spread by weeds and that the cultivation of war gardens has almost eliminated weeds thus bringing much relief to sufferers from the disease.

Wanted: A Wife to Leave Behind Him

By KITTY PARSONS

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Jean Coleman looked up as Thomas Waring came into the office. He was half an hour late and there was something unusual in his manner.

"Miss Coleman," he began abruptly. "I'm going to get married. I'm going to be called in the next draft and I want something to leave behind me—someone, I should say."

The stenographer looked up quickly and smiled slightly.

"Nice for the girl," she remarked noncommittally.

"I realize that, but she doesn't have to do it unless she wants to. I intend to make it perfectly clear. And that's why I came to you for advice about the matter—you are so sensible. I knew you could help me. I'm going to advertise in a matrimonial journal and I'd like you to see the applicant I think the best before I accept her—will you?"

It was almost too much, but Jean was equal to the occasion. Her sense of humor asserted itself and she laughed merrily.

"I'll do all I can," she assured him. "Report to me in a week and tell me your progress. Good luck to you. I have to get back to work now so you'd better run along."

Tom Waring went to his own desk and pondered on the peculiarities of women. He knew Jean would help him but he did think she might have been a little more interested and not so amused. Her eyes—wonderful eyes she had, too—had twinkled all the time he talked, and he was really very serious. He was also very lonely and his story about wanting someone to leave behind him had been put rather cold-bloodedly because he did not find it easy to say exactly what he meant to Jean. She probably thought him foolish enough already. So he wrote a satisfactory advertisement of his intentions, put it in the paper, and waited for developments with some consternation.

During the week that followed he had sixty-five applications. Widows, orphans and maidens read the welcome notice, and he was pursued by thin women, fat women, ugly women and foolish women; but the charming, sweet and perfect young creature for

himself. "Who the deuce was she going to dinner with, anyway?"

When Jean left him she went directly to a nearby lunch counter, where she dined in state with—herself. But Waring did not know that. He passed an uneventful and very unpleasant evening by himself and finally came to the conclusion that matrimony was a deep problem to be carefully considered. And he wondered what Jean Coleman knew about being in love, anyway—evidently something.

He determined to see the thing through honestly, however, and wearily wrote to and interviewed a few more applicants. At the end of that time he was sure of two things—he did not want to marry any of the women he had seen, but he did want to marry Jean Coleman. He began to wonder why he had not found it out before. She probably wouldn't look at him now that he had made such an idiot of himself. He was glad he hadn't told anyone else but her, anyway—he wasn't proud of his venture.

The door bell rang penetratingly and he groaned hopelessly. Nevertheless, he was resigned, and when his landlady, Mrs. Morley, ushered in a veiled, slight little woman in a dark suit, he was prepared for the worst.

"I saw your advertisement in the paper," she began in a clear, strangely familiar voice.

"I regret to say I'm no longer in the market," he put in hurriedly, before she had a chance to say anything more.

"Oh, I didn't come to apply," she assured him hastily. "I only came to tell you you're all wrong about getting a wife this way. I thought maybe you didn't have anyone to advise you. I'm very old"—her voice belied the word—"and I thought I might save you from doing something foolish. Please don't marry in haste—you'll surely meet someone some day who will make your waiting worth while. You can't just make yourself love people, you know, even if you are married, and you mustn't make such a dreadful mistake and ruin your life. Even if you are going away, don't jump into marriage hastily—please believe what I say."

In her earnestness and excitement the woman had quite forgotten herself. She was actually pleading with him to save himself, and he was listening, fascinated to what she had to say. When she had finished she stood with her hands pressed together, and he could feel that she was looking at him through the still lowered veil. Suddenly she seemed to recall herself and, with a quick movement, walked towards the door. Waring sprang after her and seized her by the arm.

"Let me go!" she commanded him. "I must go at once. I only came because I thought I might help you—I don't want anyone to see my face."

"I must," he insisted, and before she had a chance to struggle further, he threw the heavy veil back from her hat. Then he stood transfixed.

"Jean!" he cried, and gazed into a flushed and tear-stained face. "I might have known it was you; no one else could be so wonderful," he added, still devouring her with his eyes.

"I never meant you to know," she said, sinking into the first chair, "but I couldn't bear to have you marry one of those applicants—it was too much. I never thought you'd be so rude and lift my veil. It was foolish of me to come—please let me go now."

"Yes, I'm going to take you home, but not until I know who you went out to dinner with on Thursday. I've thought about it ever since."

"No one at all."

"Thank goodness! I want to know if you will go out to dinner with me tomorrow night, and every night after that for the rest of your life? I love you—I have for a long time, but I didn't know it and was coming to tell you about it tomorrow. I've been a fool but I'll promise to be wiser after this if you'll only take me."

He was kneeling beside her now, and both her hands were in his.

"Oh, I do love you," said Jean, softly. "Better than anyone in the world, and if you approve of me really, I'll answer your advertisement tonight. You're right sure I'll do it."

"So sure that we'll go out now and have our first dinner?"

And together they ran hand in hand down the stairs, laughing as they went.

Varieties of Spruce.

There are about 15 varieties of spruce, of which the Sitka spruce is the most valuable. Norway spruce, the commonest, so-called because it forms the chief lumber supply of Norway, is also found in middle Europe and in Siberia. Sitka spruce grows on the Pacific coast from northern California to Alaska; it is only found in coast regions, never inland. It grows easily to 150 feet in height, and frequently to more than 300 feet with a diameter of seven or eight feet at 100 feet from the base. In the islands of southeastern Alaska trees have been noted more than 200 feet tall and 25 feet in diameter four or five feet from the base.

Shot at a Venture.

When the result of a certain horse race reached an English mining village, one of the colliers remarked to his chum: "Ah! he made a nice little dinner out of that race, and by sheer luck, too. Ah, chalked all the names of 't' horses on a revolving target, and took it into a field and got my own woman to shoot an arrow at it while it was spinning." "An' it stuck into the winner, did it?" asked his friend. "No, it didn't," said the collier. "It stuck into a fine fat duck that was waddling along at 't' side of 't' field, and we had it for dinner today with sage an' onions!"

TWO SUBMARINES ARE SUNK IN ATTACK ON LEVIATHAN

Germans Fail in Raid on Great-est United States Transport.

CARRIES 10,000 SOLDIERS

Eye Witness Gives Thrilling Account of Trip Across Atlantic—High Praise for Work of American Navy—Men on Transport Behave Splendidly in Time of Danger.

Durand, Michigan eye-witness account of an attack by three submarines on the United States transport Leviathan and the destruction of two of the U-boats by United States destroyers, is contained in a letter from Capt. Charles A. Harmon of this city to his son, Sgt. Carl A. Harmon, at Camp Custer. The Leviathan, formerly the German Vaterland, is the largest vessel afloat and was seized by the United States when this country entered the war.

Captain Harmon is in the motor mechanics division of the aviation corps, now safely in France, while his son is a member of the ambulance company.

The Leviathan carried 10,000 soldiers on that particular trip and every precaution of camouflage and zigzag navigation was employed to protect it from the submarines. Since the German government is said to have offered a fortune and great honors to the commander and crew of the U-boat that succeeds in sinking it.

All Obey Orders.

"Most of the men aboard were raw recruits," says Captain Harmon, "but when the emergency came the constant drill and training told and not a man disobeyed orders. Twenty hours from our destination, at daylight, we picked up the destroyers in a howling gale. They came swooping at us out of a rain squall like flying fish. Boy! They looked good. They are little long intrepid devils all engine and wickedness. We were tearing along at high speed, trusting to luck not to hit anything, but those little devils curved and circled and zigzagged around us as if we were an anchor.

"Even with our thousand feet of length we could hardly keep our feet on deck, but they, with their 200 feet or less, were simply doing the impossible. Seas too high to ride they dived through, actually disappearing at times. And when, in their circles, they fell into the trough, they took a list that would make your heart stop.

"They carry two spars about 50 feet high. On top of each is a crow's nest, with a man in each watching for periscopes. The gunners are lashed to their guns. They must be amphibious. The ride those crow's-nest birds took that day would curl your hair.

Taking No Chances.

"All day long it howled and rained and blew, and most of the following night, too. It was too rough for U-boats, but we were pitching over the bones of the Lusitania and hundreds of other good ships and the destroyers were taking no chances.

"Any time the United States navy is mentioned you just get onto your legs and salute—just on general principles. When you cross you will understand why. They are there those lads.

"I went on duty in a troop section below the water line that evening at five and was on duty for 12 hours stationed on a stairway where I could pick off the first bird that batted an eye. About midnight the sea went down. Then we did expect trouble any minute. It was a tough, long night. We knew that if a torpedo ever hit in that section we hadn't a chance in the world. At five in the morning I was relieved and went up topside, to the forward upper deck. It was just breaking daylight, clear, no wind, sea as smooth as glass. Six more destroyers had joined us some time during the night and they were cruising like panthers, near and far, in great, swooping curves all around us.

Finally They Came.

"We were staring along in sharp zig-zags, the ship trembling like a nervous dog, with the best speed in her. I thought to my own, as I took it all in.

"Well, this is the time and the place. Now, where in hell are those dogged U-boats?"

"As if in answer to my question the nearest destroyer turned on her tail and shot straight at our curfew as if to hit something off, at the same time firing rapidly at something the other side of her and close by. Instantly the other periscope in towed us and came dashing in like diving shells.

U-Boat Blown to Atom.

"There was a terrific explosion; a shock our ship as if it had been struck. That sub just was naturally blown to atoms. It burst out the destroyer in two, nearly blew the stern of her off, but that is just a part of the job for those boys. Their business is to get subs. What happens to them is another matter entirely.

"It was over in less time than it takes to tell it. At the same time the next nearest destroyer was perhaps 100 yards away, spinning around in a tight little circle and dropping depth bombs as fast as it could spill them over the stern. Presently a great oily blob of water rose and the destroyer curved away from the ship and went over to the first one to see what it was doing. The rest of them had apparently gone plumb crazy. They were simply whipping the nearby surface of the sea to white ribbons.

Living Wall Formed.

"A big flock of English gunboats and destroyers came up from nowhere in particular and moved along ahead of us and on our flanks. We reduced our speed to theirs and our own flock of wasps came up and formed a living wall around us and we moved along up to where an hour later an English pilot was picked up who took us through the mine fields and into port.

"We learned then from the commander of the destroyer fleet, who came aboard us, that there had been three subs waiting for us. They had fired three torpedoes at short range, but just as the flares started we had been signaled to turn sharp and beat it. We did. The torpedoes skimmed our sides. Two of the submarines went to Davy Jones' locker and they kind of felt that the other one was smothered the same afternoon."

RUMOR IS INTERNED FOR THE DURATION OF WAR

Chronic Gossipers in Wall Street Are Put Under Ban by Exchange Officials.

UNPRECEDENTED IN STREET

While Not Completely Checked the Tendency Is Toward Suppressing Wild Stories That Might Be Harmful.

New York.—War has wrought many and varied changes in Wall street ways. The adjustment of the financial district and its army of workers to the new order of things ushered in by the entrance of the United States into the war has gone ahead steadily and is still progressing. The process will go on until peace comes and perhaps thereafter. Banks, foreign exchange, the security and commodity markets, have all felt the hand of the war god in varying degree, and the changes that have taken place in business methods and customs in the street would surprise the Wall street frequenter of five or ten years ago.

Probably one of the most interesting developments in the financial district since our entrance into the war has been the attempt made by the market authorities to put the ban on the rumor-monger. In normal times the most gossipy place in the country is to be found right in the financial district where a rumor is born every minute. Millions of dollars have been made and lost in Wall street on the circulation of rumors. There have been times when wild stories were deliberately concocted for stock market purposes.

Unprecedented on Street.

Dame Rumor lately, however, has been taken in hand by the officials of the New York stock exchange and the New York cotton exchange, and while she is still to be found at large, her activities have been much restricted. On the stock exchange the governors recently adopted resolutions to the effect that "the circulation in any manner of rumors of a sensational character by members of the exchange or their firms will be deemed an act detrimental to the interest and welfare of the exchange.

Similar resolutions were adopted by the cotton exchange governing board after there had occurred a tremendous jump in cotton prices ascribed partly

BOYS LEARN TO COOK. GIRLS AS CARPENTERS

Cleveland.—Manual training is not for boys only, and domestic science is not only a girl's study in Cleveland schools now, for the courses in some of the public schools have been switched and the boys are being taught to cook and buy groceries and the girls are getting training in household carpentry. The girls are said to be proficient in handling tools, while many of the boys in the "fixing up father" divisions are becoming good cooks and buyers.

GIRLS AS SHEEP HERDERS

Loneliest Job in the World Is Latest Industry to Attract the Women.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—Herding sheep—the loneliest job in the world—is the latest industry to attract women. Wyoming ranchers have given so many men to the war that sheepherders are very scarce. Hence Misses Lulu Munson, Belle Pattison and Grace Keenan, Campbell county lassies, have become sheepherders at a wage of \$50 a month and "found." They have been employed by B. J. Reno, and each girl acts as guardian to 2,500 "woolies." These girls are said to be the first feminine sheepherders in the United States.

ALL WORN OUT

Doan's, However, Restored Mr. Roulston to Good Health. Results Have Lasted.

"Morning, I was so stiff and sore I could hardly get up," says A. C. Roulston, prop. blacksmith shop, 2810 Washington St., Roxbury, Mass. "The sharp pains through my kidneys were so bad I often thought I wouldn't be able to get to work. I couldn't rest comfortably and turned and tossed from one side to the other, with a dull, dragging backache. There were puffy spots under my eyes and I felt worn out all the time. The kidneys certainly passed too often and were otherwise unnatural. Four or five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me. I can honestly recommend Doan's for they have surely done me a world of good."

Mr. Roulston gave the above statement in 1915 and in March, 1917, he said: "My cure is still lasting. I take Doan's occasionally, however, to keep my kidneys in good working order. One can depend upon Doan's to cure kidney ills."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Money ceases to talk after a miser gets a strangle hold on it.

Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can feel its strength, invigorating effect. Price 60c.

A gentleman of leisure excels in doing nothing gracefully.

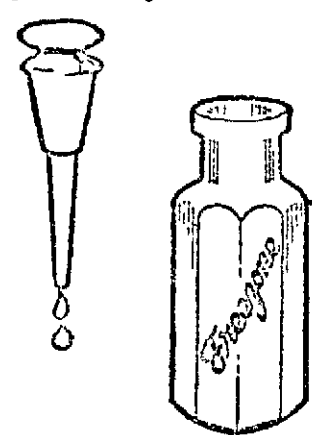
If Worms or Tapeworms persist in your system, it is because you have not yet tried the real Vermifuge, Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot." One dose does the work. Adv.

Some men attempt to cure the blues by painting things red.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt at all and costs only a few cents

Magic! Just drop a little Freezone on that tough, corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!



Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.

Had 'Em Framed.

On the wall in the president's office at the Hotel Severin, there hang three handsome framed personal letters addressed to the head of the institution. "Received them all in one day," said A. Bennett Gates, "and they are so rare that I have had them framed, for I wish to preserve them. Such as these do not come often to the hotel man."

The writer of each of the three framed letters was grateful for some courtesy or favor, or this or that, which pleased him during his stay as a guest. None had a "kick" to register, which struck Mr. Gates as rather odd, since half the time of a hotel manager is occupied in hearing the complaints of someone who feels himself slighted in some particular. Three thankful epistles in a day were almost too much for the hotel president.—Indianapolis News.

Thought a Linen One Better.

Mr. Bacon—I don't like those paper napkins, dear.

Mrs. Bacon—Why don't you like them?

"Well, you know very well, dear, that it doesn't look very high-toned for me to eat with a paper napkin tucked up under my chin."

No doubt the castles in the air that we frequently read about are built of gold bricks.

Most men mistake the slightest applause for an encore.

Every Time! Eat

POST TOASTIES (MADE OF CORN)

Dad says — "Eat 'em up Bob You're saving wheat for the boys in France"

NEWSPAPER ITEM, NEWSPAPER, NEWSPAPER

"Outwitting the Hun"

By LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

(Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien)

AFTER WEEKS OF HARDSHIP O'BRIEN MEETS A FRIEND WHO OFFERS TO HELP HIM ON HIS WAY.

Synopsis.—Pat O'Brien, a resident of Momence, Ill., after seeing service in the American Flying corps on the Mexican border in 1916, joins the British Royal Flying corps in Canada, and after a brief training period is sent to France. He is assigned to a squadron in active service on the front. He engages in several hot fights with German flyers, from which he emerges victorious. Finally, in a fight with four German flyers, O'Brien is shot down. He falls 8,000 feet and, escaping death by a miracle, awakes to find himself a prisoner in a German hospital, with a bullet hole in his mouth. After a few days in the hospital he is sent to a prison camp at Courtrai. After a short stay there he is placed upon a train bound for a prison camp in Germany. He decides to take a desperate chance for liberty. He leaps through the open window of the car while the train is traveling 35 miles an hour. His wounds reopened by the fall, O'Brien almost literally crawls through Germany and Luxembourg, traveling at night and sleeping by day, living on garbage and raw vegetables stolen from gardens. He is driven almost to desperation by hunger and, reaching Belgium, he risks detection by going in the middle of the night to the home of a Belgian family, where he obtains the first cooked food he had tasted in 18 days.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The knack of making fire with two pieces of dry wood I had often read about, but I had never put it to a test and for various reasons I concluded that it would be unsafe for me to build a fire even if I had matches. In the first place, there was no absolute need for it. I didn't have anything to cook nor utensils to cook it in even if I had. While the air was getting to be rather cool at night, I was usually on the go at that time and didn't notice it. In the daytime, when I was resting or sleeping, the sun was usually out.

To have borrowed matches from a Belgian peasant would have been feasible, but when I was willing to take the chance of approaching anyone, it was just as easy to ask for food as matches.

It the second place, it would have been extremely dangerous to have built a fire even if I had needed it. You can't build a fire in Belgium, which is the most thickly populated country in Europe, without everyone knowing it, and I was far from anxious to advertising my whereabouts. The villages in that part of Belgium through which I was making my course were so close together that there was hardly ever an hour passed without my hearing some clock strike. Every village has its clock. Many times I could hear the clocks striking in two villages at the same time.

But the hour had very little interest to me. My program was to travel as fast as I could from sunset to sunrise and pay no attention to the hours in between, and in the daytime I had only two things to worry about: keep concealed and get as much sleep as possible.

The cabbage that I got in Belgium consisted of the small heads that the peasants had not cut. All the strength had concentrated in these little heads and they would be as bitter as gall. I would have to be pretty hungry today before I could ever eat cabbage again and the same observation applies to carrots, turnips and sugar beets—especially sugar beets.

It is rather a remarkable thing that today even a small of turnips, raw or cooked, makes me sick, and yet a few short months ago my life depended upon them.

Night after night as I searched for food, I was always in hopes that I might come upon some tomatoes or celery—vegetables which I really liked, but with the exception of once, when I found some celery, I was never so fortunate. I ate so much of the celery the night I came upon it that I was sick for two days thereafter, but I carried several bunches away with me and used to chew on it as I walked along.

Of course, I kept my eyes open all the time for fruit trees, but apparently it was too late in the year for fruit, as all that I ever was able to find were two pears, which I got out of a tree. That was one of my red-letter days, but I was never able to repeat it.

In the brooks and ponds that I passed I often noticed fish of different kinds. That was either in the early morning, just before I turned in for the day, or on moonlight nights when the water seemed as clear in spots as in the daytime. It occurred to me that it would be a simple matter to rig a hook and line and catch some fish, but I had no means of cooking them and it was useless to fish for the sake of it.

One night in Belgium my course took me through a desolate stretch of country which seemed to be absolutely uncultivated. I must have covered twelve miles during the night, without passing a single farm or cultivated field. My stock of turnips which I had picked the night before was gone and I planned, of course, to get enough to carry me through the following day.

The north Star was shining brightly that night and there was absolutely nothing to prevent my steering an absolutely correct course for Holland and liberty, but my path seemed to lie through arid pastures. Far to the

east or to the west I could hear faintly the striking of village bells, and I knew that if I changed my course I would undoubtedly strike farms and vegetables, but the North Star seemed to plead with me to follow it and I would not turn aside.

When daylight came, the consequence was I was empty handed and I had to find a hiding place for the day. I thought I would approach the first peasant I came to and ask for food, but that day I had misgivings—a hunch—that I would get into trouble if I did, and I decided to go without food altogether for that day.

It was a foolish thing to do, I found, because I not only suffered greatly from hunger all that day, but it interfered with my sleep. I would drop off to sleep for half an hour, perhaps, and during that time I would dream that I was free, back home, living a life of comparative ease, and then I would wake up with a start and catch a glimpse of the bushes surrounding me, feel the hard ground beneath me and the hunger pangs gnawing at my sides, and then I would realize how far from home I really was, and I would lie there and wonder whether I would ever really see my home again. Then I would fall asleep again and dream this time, perhaps of the days I spent in Courtrai, or the Bavarian pilot whom I sent to eternity in my last air fight, of my tracer bullets getting closer and closer to his head, and then I would wake up again with a start and thank the Lord that I was only dreaming it all again instead of living through it!

That night I got an early start because I knew I had to have food, and I decided that rather than look for vegetables I would take a chance and apply to the first Belgian peasant whom I came to.

It was about 8 o'clock when I came to a small house. I had picked up a heavy stone and had bound it in my handkerchief and I was resolved to use it as a weapon if it became necessary. After all I had gone through, I was resolved to win my liberty eventually at whatever cost.

As it happened, I found that night the first real friend I had encountered in all my traveling. When I knocked timidly on the door, it was opened by



"You Can Hear and Talk If You Wish—Am I Not Right?"

a Belgian peasant, about fifty years of age. He asked me in Flemish what I wanted, but I shook my head and pointed to my ears and mouth intimated that I was deaf and dumb, and then I opened and closed my mouth several times to show him that I wanted food.

He showed me inside and sat me at the table. He apparently lived alone, for his ill-furnished room had but one chair, and the plate and knife and fork he put before me seemed to be all he had. He brought me some cold

potatoes and several slices of stale bread, and he warmed me some milk on a small oil stove.

I ate ravenously and all the time I was engaged I knew that he was eyeing me closely.

Before I was half through he came over to me, touching me on the shoulder, and stooping over so that his lips almost touched my ear, he said in broken English. "You are an Englishman—I know it—and you can hear and talk if you wish—am I not right?"

There was a smile on his face and a friendly attitude about him that told me instinctively that he could be trusted, and I replied: "You have guessed right—only I am an American, not an Englishman."

He looked at me pityingly and filled my cup again with warm milk.

His kindness and apparent willingness to help me almost overcame me, and I felt like warning him of the consequences he would suffer if the Huns discovered he had befriended me. I had heard that twenty Belgians had been shot for helping Belgians to escape into Holland, and I hated to think what might happen to this good old Samaritan if the Huns ever knew that he had helped an escaped American prisoner.

After my meal was finished, I told him in as simple language as I could command of some of the experiences I had gone through and I outlined my future plans.

"You will never be able to get to Holland," he declared, "without a passport. The nearer you get to the frontier the more German soldiers you will encounter, and without a passport you will be a marked man."

I asked him to suggest a way by which I could overcome the difficulty. He thought for several moments and studied me closely all the time—perhaps endeavoring to make absolutely sure that I was not a German spy—and then apparently deciding in my favor, told me what he thought it was best for me to do.

"If you will call on this man" (mentioning the name of a Belgian in a city through which I had to pass), he advised, "you will be able to make arrangements with him to secure a passport, and he will do everything he can to get you out of Belgium."

He told me where the man in question could be found and gave me some useful directions to continue my journey, and then he led me to the door. I thanked him a thousand times and wanted to pay him for his kindness and help but he would accept nothing. He did give me his name and you may be sure I shall never forget it, but to mention it here might, of course, result in serious consequences for him. When the war is over, however, or the Germans are thrown out of Belgium, I shall make it my duty to find that kind Belgian if I have to go through again all that I have suffered already to do it.

CHAPTER XI.

I Encounter German Soldiers.

What the Belgian told me about the need of a passport gave me fresh cause for worry. Suppose I should run into a German sentry before I succeeded in getting one?

I decided that until I reached the big city which the Belgian had mentioned—and which I cannot name for fear of identifying some of the people there who befriended me—I would proceed with the utmost precaution. Since I had discarded my uniform and had obtained civilian clothes, I had not been quite as careful as I was at first. While I had done my traveling at night, I had not gone into hiding so early in the morning as before and I had sometimes started again before it was quite dark, relying upon the fact that I would probably be mistaken for a Belgian on his way to or from work, as the case might be. From now on, I resolved, however, I would take no more chances.

That evening I came to a river perhaps seventy-five yards wide and I was getting ready to swim it when I thought I would walk a little way to find, if possible, a better place to get to the river from the bank. I had not walked more than a few hundred yards when I saw a boat. It was the first time I had seen a boat in all my experiences.

It was firmly chained, but as the stakes were sunk in the soft bank it was not much of a job to pull them out. I got in, drunk to my heart's content, shoved over to the other side, got out, drove a stake into the ground and moored the boat. It would have been a simple matter to have drifted down the river, but the river was not shown on the map and I had no idea where it might lead. Very reluctantly, therefore, I had to abandon the boat and proceed on foot.

I made several miles that night and before daylight found a safe place in which to hide for the day. From my hiding place I could see through the bushes a heavy thick wood only a short distance away. I decided that I would start earlier than usual, hurry over to the wood and perhaps, in that

way, I could cover two or three miles in the daytime and gain just so much time. Traveling through the wood would be comparatively safe. There was a railroad going through the wood, but I did not figure that that would make it any the less safe.

About three o'clock that afternoon, therefore, I emerged from my hiding place and hurried into the wood. After proceeding for half a mile or so I came to the railroad. I took a sharp look in both directions and seeing no signs of trains or soldiers, I walked boldly over the tracks and continued on my way.

I soon came upon a clearing and knew that someone must be living in the vicinity. As I turned a group of trees I saw a small house and in the distance an old man working in a garden. I decided to enter the house and ask for food, figuring the woman would probably be old and would be no match for me even if she proved hostile. The old woman who came to the door in response to my knock was older than I expected. If she wasn't close to a hundred, I miss my guess very much.

She could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, of course, but nevertheless I made her understand that I wanted something to eat. She came out of the door and hollered for her husband in a shrill voice that would have done credit to a girl of eighteen. The old man came in from the garden and between the two of them they managed to get the idea that I was hungry and they gave me a piece of bread—a very small piece—which was quite a treat.

The house they lived in consisted of just two rooms—the kitchen and a bedroom. The kitchen was perhaps fourteen feet square, eight feet of one side being taken up by an enormous fireplace. What was in the bedroom I had no way of telling, as I did not dare to be too inquisitive.

I made the old couple understand that I would like to stay in their house all night, but the old man shook his head. I bade them good-by and disappeared into the woods, leaving them to speculate as to the strange foreigner they had entertained.

From the great density of the population in this section through which I was now passing I realized that I must be in the outskirts of the big city which the Belgian had mentioned and where I was to procure a passport.

Village after village intercepted me, and although I tried to skirt them wherever possible I realized that I would never make much progress if I continued that course. To gain a mile I would sometimes have to make a detour of two or three. I decided that I would try my luck in going straight through the next village I came to.

As I approached it, I passed numbers of peasants who were ambling along the road. I was afraid to mingle with them because it was impossible for one to talk to them and it was dangerous to arouse suspicion even among the Belgians. For all I knew, one of them might be treacherous enough to deliver me to the Germans in return for the reward he might be sure of receiving.

About 9 o'clock that evening I came to a point where ahead of me on the right was a Belgian police station—I knew it from its red lights—and on the other side of the street were two German soldiers in uniform leaning against a bicycle.

Here was a problem which called for instant decision; if I turned back the suspicion of the soldiers would be instantly aroused and if I crossed the road so as not to pass so closely to them they might be equally suspicious. I decided to march bravely by the Huns, bluff my way through and trust to Providence. If anybody imagines, however, that I was at all comfortable as I approached these soldiers, he must think I am a much braver man than I claim to be. My heart beat so loud I was afraid they would hear it. Every step I took brought me so much nearer to what might prove to be the end of all my hopes. It was a nerve-racking ordeal.

I was now within a few feet of them. Another step and—

They didn't turn a hair! I passed right by them—heard what they were saying, although, of course, I didn't understand it, and went right on. I can't say I didn't walk a little faster as I left them behind, but I tried to maintain an even gait so as not to give them any idea of the inward exultation I was experiencing. No words can explain, however, how relieved I really felt—to know that I had successfully passed through the first of a series of similar tests which I realized were in store for me—although I did not know then how soon I was to be confronted with the second.

As it was, however, the incident gave me a world of confidence. It demonstrated to me that there was nothing in my appearance at any rate to attract the attention of the German soldiers. Apparently I looked like a Belgian peasant, and if could only work things so that I would never have to answer questions and thus

give away my nationality, I figured I would be tolerably safe.

As I marched along I felt so happy I couldn't help humming an air of one of the new patriotic songs that we used to sing at the airfield back in Ypres.

In this happy frame of mind I covered the next three miles in about an hour and then came to another little village. My usual course would have been to go around it—through fields, back yards, woods or whatever else lay in my way—but I had gained so much time by going through the last village instead of detouring around it and my appearance seemed to be so unsuspicious that I decided to try the same stunt again.

I stopped humming and kept very much on the alert, but apart from that, I walked boldly through the main street without any feeling of alarm.

I had proceeded perhaps a mile along the main street when I noticed ahead of me three German soldiers standing at the curb.

Again my heart started to beat fast, I must confess, but I was not nearly so scared as I had been an hour or so before.

I walked ahead, determined to follow my previous procedure in every particular.

I had got to about fifteen feet away from the soldiers when one of them stepped onto the sidewalk and shouted: "Halt!"

My heart stopped beating fast—for a moment, I believe, it stopped beating altogether! I can't attempt to de-



Last Photograph Taken of Lieutenant O'Brien Before His Capture. With Him Is His Chum, Lieutenant Raney.

scribe my feelings. I thought that the jig was up—that all I had gone through and all I had escaped would now avail me nothing, mingled with the feeling of disgust with myself because of the foolish risk I had taken in going through the village, combined to take all the starch out of me, and I could feel myself wilting as the soldier advanced to the spot where I stood rooted in my tracks.

I had a bottle of water in one pocket and a piece of bread in the other, and as the Hun advanced to search me I held the bottle up in one hand and the piece of bread in the other so that he could see that was all I had.

It occurred to me that he would "frisk" me—that is, feel me over for arms or other weapons, then place me under arrest and march me off to the guardhouse. I had not the slightest idea but that I was captured and there didn't seem to be much use in resisting, unarmed as I was and with two other German soldiers within a few feet of us.

Like a flash it suddenly dawned on me, however, that for all this soldier could have known I was only a Belgian peasant and that his object in searching me, which he proceeded to do, was to ascertain whether I had committed the common "crime" of smuggling potatoes.

The Belgians were allowed only a certain amount of potatoes, and it is against the laws laid down by the Huns to deal in vegetables of any kind except under the rigid supervision of the authorities. Nevertheless, it was one of the principal vocations of the average poor Belgian to buy potatoes out in the country from peasants and then smuggle them into the large cities and sell them clandestinely at a high price.

To stop this traffic in potatoes, the German soldiers were in the habit of subjecting the Belgians to frequent search, and I was being held up by this soldier for no other reason than that he thought I might be a potato smuggler!

He felt of my outside clothes and pockets, and finding no potatoes seemed to be quite satisfied. Had he but known who I was he could have earned an iron cross! Or, perhaps, in view of the fact that I had a heavy water bottle in my uplifted hand, it might have turned out to be a wooden cross!

He said something in German, which, of course, I did not understand, and then some Belgian peasants came along and seemed to distract his attention. Perhaps he had said: "It's all

right; you may go on," or he may have been talking to the others in Flemish, but at any rate, observing that he was more interested in the others than he was in me at the moment, I put the bottle in my pocket and walked on.

After I walked a few steps, I took a furtive glance backward and noticed the soldier who had searched me rejoin his comrades at the curb and then stop another fellow who had come along, and then I disappeared in the darkness.

I cannot say that the outcome of this adventure left me in the same confident frame of mind that followed the earlier one. I was sure I had come out of it all right, but I could not help thinking what a terribly close shave I had.

Suppose the soldier had questioned me! The ruse I had been following in my dealings with the Belgian peasants—pretending I was deaf and dumb—might possibly have worked here, too, but a soldier—a German soldier—might not so easily have been fooled. It was more than an even chance that it would have at least aroused his suspicion and resulted in further investigation. A search of my clothing would have revealed a dozen things which would have established my identity and all my shaming of deafness would have availed me nothing.

As I wandered along I knew that I was now approaching the big city which my Belgian friend had spoken of and which I would have to enter if I was to get the passport, and I realized now how essential it was to have something to enable me to get through the frequent examinations to which I expected to be subjected.

While I was still debating in my mind whether it was going to be possible for me to enter the city that night, I saw in the distance what appeared to be an arc light, and as I neared it that was what it turned out to be. Beneath the light I could make out the forms of three guards, and the thought of having to go through the same kind of ordeal that I had just experienced filled me with misgivings. Was it possible that I could be fortunate enough to get by again?

As I slowed up a little, trying to make up my mind what was best to do, I was overtaken by a group of Belgian women who were shuffling along the road, and I decided to mingle with them and see if I couldn't convey the impression that I was one of their party.

As we approached the arc light, the figures of those three soldiers with their spiked helmets loomed before me like a regiment. I felt as if I were walking right into the jaws of death. Rather than go through what was in store for me, I felt that I would infinitely prefer to be fighting again in the air with those four desperate Huns who had been the cause of my present plight—then, at least, I would have a chance to fight back, but now I had to risk my life and take what was coming to me without a chance to strike a blow in my own defense.

I shall never forget my feelings as we came within the shaft of light projected by that great arc light nor the faces of those three guards as we passed by them. I didn't look directly at them, but out of the corner of my eye I never missed a detail. I held a handkerchief up to my face as we passed them and endeavored to imitate the slouching gait of the Belgians as well as I could, and apparently it worked. We walked right by those guards and they paid absolutely no attention to us.

If ever a fellow felt like going down on his knees and praying I did at that moment, but it wouldn't have done to show my elation or gratitude in that conspicuous way.

It was then well after 11 o'clock and I knew it would be unsafe for me to attempt to find a lodging place in the city, and the only thing for me to do was to locate the man whose name the Belgian had given me. He had given me a good description of the street and had directed me how to get there, and I followed his instructions closely.

After walking the streets for about half an hour, I came upon one of the landmarks my friend had described to me and ten minutes afterwards I was knocking at the door of the man who was to make it possible for me to reach Holland—and liberty! At least, that was what I hoped.

O'Brien is promised help in getting across the frontier to Holland, but just as he is rejoicing over the prospect of early freedom, he is rudely awakened from his dream. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wood Grapple Saves Work.

The handling of logs by means of a crane equipped with a good grapple is not only more spectacular than the old method, but it effects an immense saving in labor and has made it possible to pile logs to a great height. Similar outfits are used in handling ties, posts, pulp wood, etc. The grapple is made like a clamshell bucket except that the scoops are replaced by curved steel tines, in the grasp of which a large number of logs can be held at once.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent, and it is estimated that something like 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

PUBLIC SALE**OF
REAL ESTATE
and Butchering Outfit.****On Thursday, Sept. 26, 1918.**

The undersigned assignees of the estate of W. J. Miller and wife, of New Oxford Borough, will offer at public sale the following real estate and personal property:

LOT OF GROUND
consisting of about 1/2 Acre, situate south of West High Street in said Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Penna., improved with a brick and cement slaughter house 20x60 feet, with slate roof, new brick barn with metal roof, room for 4 horses and 4 wagons, large brick smoke house, new cattle shed, and a large cattle yard, room for several carloads of cattle. Slaughter house is equipped with a good 6 h. p. Geiser engine, Weaver kettle range, 60-gal. caldron, 40-gal. steam jacket kettle, large Enterprise steam grinder, good sausage stuffer, lard and tallow press, good grindstone, run by power; good steel track and a large cooling room, cattle and hide room, all under one roof; killing room has 4-ft. cement wall, floors are all cement. This is one of the best equipped slaughter houses in the country.

TWO GOOD HORSES
Bruce, a bay horse 12 years old, good leader, fearless of all objects; Harry, a road horse, 10 years old, perfectly safe, and one of the best style and road horses in this section, none better for the meat business. Three meat wagons, one a glass front wagon, York make; 1 buggy, 1 ice wagon.

ONE FORD TRUCK
equipped for the delivery of meats, in a No. 1 condition, with glass front.

STORE FIXTURES.
One good Cincinnati ice box, 10 feet high, 6 ft. wide, 7 ft. deep, with glass sliding doors, will hold 4 dressed cattle besides light stock; this is one of the best refrigerators made in saving of ice and the keeping of meats. One 100-lb. Simpson computing scales, in fine condition; 3 meat blocks, 8-ft. marble slab counter, 10 ft. quarter rack with two racks, 10-ft. retail meat rack; these fixtures are all oak. One National cash register, 1 safe, 3 ft. 9 in. high, 2 ft. 2 in. deep, 2 ft. 4 in. wide, good as new; 1 American account register system, meat slicer, coal stove, 1 rolling-top desk, 3 chairs, saws, scales, knives, hooks, large meat bench, etc.

Harness, ice in ice house, forks, hay, 1 good circular saw with new frame, lot of good belting, two 600-lb. platform scales, in fine condition, 1 ladder, 1 vice, and a lot of other articles.

New Oxford has a population of 1090, is surrounded by a good farming community, and six or more towns within a distance of 6 miles. This is one of the best locations for a butcher in the State. Any one wishing to look over the real and personal property before the sale can do so by calling upon the assignees.

Sale to begin at slaughter house at 1 o'clock p. m. Terms and conditions by THEO. E. WARNER, CURTIS E. DIEHL, Chas. Rinchart, Auct. Assignees.

Subscribe for the Item. Only \$1.

Cider Making and Butter Boiling

The Cider Press at the New Oxford Flouring Mill, one mile northwest of New Oxford, beginning on Tuesday, September 10th, will be operated **ON TUESDAY ONLY**, of each week, throughout the season.

Have also arranged to do **BUTTER BOILING** at the press for persons desiring the same, at a reasonable price.

W. H. KLING, Proprietor.

Benjamin Stoner, of York, filed a petition in voluntary bankruptcy in the United States court at Scranton, alleging that his debts amounted to \$123,400, while his assets are but \$17,775. Stoner has been engaged in the lime business at York.

BELL 'PHONE 83-R12

S. J. DIEHL,

(Successor to S. K. Sowers)

WAREHOUSE, ABBOTTSTOWN, - PENNA.

Dealer in

Grain, Flour, Feed, Security Calf Feed, Coal and Cement.

Grain Markets.

Choice Wheat.....\$2 20
Rye.....1 50
Barley.....1 10
Oats.....75
Ear Corn.....1 50
Shelled Corn.....1 55
Will not receive wet or damp wheat.

The Place to Buy. Best Place to Sell.
The Right Service. 9-5

Coat Sweaters

These cool evenings you will be thinking about where to get the best Sweater for the least money.

Wagner's Is The Place.

We can show you a big line of Sweaters for Men, Ladies and Children. We bought them long ago and had them shipped this early in order to save money on them. Today they are 25 per cent. higher than when we made our purchase. You get that saving if you purchase here. As the season advances they will be scarcer and higher in price from the manufacturers. Lots of new colors and styles.

We are showing **Crepe-de-Chene** Shirt Waists in new and pretty styles.

AT \$2.50.
and upwards—Salmon, White, and Pink, sizes from 38 to 46.

Ladies you should secure one or more, prices will go higher.

We are receiving our line of

Fall Coats

for Ladies, Girls and Children. You will be wise to see our line before purchasing.

GET TO KNOW

A. P. Wagner,
Carlisle Street, New Oxford.

The Farmers' Exchange

(WEAVER'S WAREHOUSE)

HANOVER ST., BELL 'PHONE.

—DEALERS IN—

Grain, Hay, Flour, Feed.

Lumber, - Coal, - Fertilizers - Farmers' Supplies.

Automobile Tires and Accessories. GRAIN MARKETS.

No. 1 New Dry Wheat.....\$2 20
No. 1 Sprouted Wheat.....1 50
New Rye.....1 35
New Dry Oats.....70
Shelled Corn.....1 55
Will not receive wet or damp grain.

Best place to buy --- Best place to sell.

The Right Service Guaranteed.

THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Registration Questions.

These are the questions which all who come within the limits of the 18 to 45 draft will be required to answer:

1. Name (Give first name, middle name and last name).
2. Permanent home address in full.
3. Age in years.
4. Date of birth—month, day, year.
5. White?
6. Negro?
7. Oriental?
8. Citizen Indian?
9. Non-citizen Indian?
10. Native born United States citizen?
11. Naturalized United States citizen?
12. Citizen by father's naturalization before registrant's majority?
13. Alien (declarant?)
14. Alien (non declarant?)
15. If not a citizen of the United States, of what nation are you a citizen or subject?
16. Present occupation.
17. Employer's name.
18. Place of employment or business. Address in full.
19. Name of nearest relative, your wife, 2, nearest blood relation; 3, closest friend if no blood relative.
20. Full address of nearest relative.

J. A. Grove, a resident of Dillsburg, was injured in a fall from a roof while working on a building at the Marsh Run quartermasters' depot. The accident occurred on Sept. 6. Mr. Grove, who is a carpenter, was helping to roof the building at the time. A scantling, on which he was kneeling, and which had not been properly nailed, gave way, precipitating him about 25 feet to a concrete floor. He was considerably bruised and shocked, and the ulna, or small bone of the forearm, and the tibia, or thigh bone, were broken. He was taken to the Harrisburg hospital where his injuries were given attention.

The names of autoists who fail to comply with the fuel administration's request to refrain from the use of their machines for pleasure riding the next few Sundays in order to save gasoline for war purposes will be taken by the police of Harrisburg, Reading and other cities of the state. Where the names have been taken they will be preserved and in case any autoist, whose name appears in the list, is arrested in the future for violating the traffic regulations, the fine will be made heavier.

A valuable Holstein bull, belonging to George Bentz, was killed by having his skull crushed by a stone thrown by passers by. The animal, which was known to be vicious, was found lying across the railroad tracks. No one seems to know anything about the accident and the inference is that the bull attacked some person or persons, who retaliated and killed him. The animal was valued at \$100.

A fire of an unknown origin destroyed the garage of Leroy Fory, the Ford car dealer, residing along the state road, 2 miles west of Spring Grove on Saturday afternoon. The fire was discovered by Mr. Fory, who ran to the garage, but was only able to save a new Ford car. He was in the garage about a half hour before and everything was all right. Last week he received a large shipment of oil and grease and other supplies which were destroyed.

Voluntary enlistments for the army, except as authorized by acts of Congress in certain cases, have been ordered discontinued by General March, chief of staff, and all recruiting stations will be closed as speedily as practicable. The enlisted men serving at such stations will be sent to the nearest recruit depot to be physically examined and their qualification records made out with a view to their assignment to "appropriate duty."

A York boy, Charles W. Borgel, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Borgel, is a first class seaman on the American transport Mount Vernon, which was torpedoed by an enemy submarine off the French coast, but which turned back and landed safely in a French port. This was to have been young Borgel's ninth round trip since he entered the service of his country.

According to published reports the Allied Armies continue to make great progress on the western war front, in France. Much territory has been re-taken during the past week, and many Germans taken prisoners, besides large amounts of munition and great numbers of guns secured from the enemy.

Although he had been listed by the war department as killed in action and his loss had been mourned by relatives for a week, Leroy Jury, a York boy who fell while battling the Germans, has arrived in this country and is now in a hospital at Newport News, Va., suffering from a wound in the head.

Miss Carrie Bushev, daughter of Geo. A. Bushev, of Dillsburg, took suddenly sick while visiting friends in Harrisburg. She was taken to the Harrisburg hospital where it was discovered she was suffering with acute appendicitis. An operation was performed.

According to published reports sugar is selling in Russia at \$3 per pound and flour at \$1 25 per pound.

**For Thursday At The
Leader Store****50 All Silk Under Skirts**

In Plain and Changeable--All Colors, \$7.50
Values, only one to a customer--all sizes, at **\$2.98**

60 Georgette Waists

\$6.50 Values - - - At \$3.48

20 Silk Sweaters--

All Colors--\$10 Values, for \$4.98 & \$5.98
New Fall Styles--All Sizes.

THE LEADER STORE,

Manufacturers and Retailers

Also an Entrance Through McCrory's 5c and 10c Store.

In the New White Bldg.,

Center Square, Hanover, Pa.

Style Headquarters!

When you know that looking the part and being the part go hand in hand, why don't you wear the best clothes that money can buy? We have them---in *Society Brand*. They are not made to meet a price, but to set a standard of quality (and they do). These Suits and Overcoats embody such exceptional hand tailoring that it keeps its style and fit intact throughout the life of the garment.

And to bring matters to a head quickly you will have to see our Hawes Hats and be one of our satisfied customers.

Do not fail to see our display at the Hanover Fair.

The Globe
Up To Date

STYLE HEADQUARTERS

"The Store That Sells Society Brand Clothes"

107-109 Broadway,

HANOVER, PA.

When you are ready to select your **NEW FALL HAT** something mighty interesting here for the man who is alert to smart hat styles, and even more important, who knows sound values when he sees them.

The New Fall Soft Hats Are Here \$2.50, \$3.50.

Please consider this an invitation to look over these hats and try them on.

W. E. SHAFFER,

Clothier --- Hatter --- Furnisher
Carlisle Street, Hanover,

**NEW OXFORD MILLING CO.,
MARKET REPORT.**

Corrected Weekly.

No. 1 Wheat.....\$2 18
No. 2 Wheat.....2 00
No. 1 Rye.....1 00
Oats.....60
Corn.....1 40-1 55
Barley.....1 00

RETAIL PRICES.

Bran, per 100 lbs.....\$
Middlings, per 100 lbs.....
Corn, per bu.....1 80
Mixed Oats, per bu.....1 00
Mixed Chop, per 100 lbs.....3 40
High Grade Flour, per bl.....10 40
Dairy Feed, per 100 lbs.....2 50
Blackford Calf Meal, 24 p. c. protein 1 50

AFTER the present World War there will come a SECOND GREAT WAR, a struggle for supremacy in every form of human activity. Young men and women, now is the time to prepare, and the place is at that old and well established institution,

Millersville State Normal School, Millersville, Pa.

Prepare to teach. The salaries and inducements have never been so great. Millersville offers a delightful home, a strong faculty, thorough academic and professional training. Tuition free. A limited number of young men and women can earn part of their expense by doing work outside of school hours.

School opens Sept. 9th. For information and catalog apply to
C. H. GORDINIER, Principal.

If you Want to Buy, or if you Want to Sell, Advertise in the "Item." It Pays

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement. Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

FOR PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

Entered at the Post Office at New Oxford as second class mail matter.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1918.

\$400 Worth of War Savings Stamps Among Booty.

Early on Friday morning the residence of Postmaster John L. Gibb, of York Springs, was entered and booty worth about \$700 secured, including \$400 worth of Savings Stamps, \$100 in cash, and several hundred dollars worth of postage stamps. Mr. Gibb makes a practice every evening of placing the post office stamps and cash in a tin box which he takes home. He followed this plan on Thursday night and put the box and its contents in a wardrobe in a bedroom adjoining that occupied by himself and his wife. About 2 o'clock Friday morning Mrs. Gibb thought she heard the children moving about, and called her husband. It is believed that this frightened the burglar and that he then left. Nothing of the theft was known until Friday morning when Mr. Gibb arose to go to the post office. He found the three bedrooms occupied by the children disarranged. The thief had evidently made a thorough search there for the box of valuables, before going to the unoccupied room, and the box was then taken downstairs where the contents were inspected. The empty box was there on Friday morning when Mr. Gibb went down. An empty bag which had contained about \$100 was lying nearby and a pocket book with a quantity of stamps of large denominations was also there. The one, two, and three cent stamps were all stolen. The front door was standing open. It is the belief that the thief entered by a window which was not fastened, and then left by the main entrance to the house. He had at least 3 hours start before the theft was discovered.

Mr. Gibb had received the \$400 worth of War Savings Stamps only Thursday, and he had intended to send them out on Friday to patrons on the rural mail routes who had subscribed for them. Strangers were seen about the town on Thursday, and it is the theory that possibly one of these men saw Mr. Gibb take the tin box home and guessed that it contained valuables.

Soldier Dies as Parents Arrive.

Summoned from their home near Chicago by the serious illness of their only son, Horatio N. Powell, a member of Company C, 303d Battalion, Heavy Tanks, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Powell arrived in Gettysburg at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. A few minutes after they arrived at Gettysburg word was received at camp that the soldier had died in the Chambersburg hospital after an operation for appendicitis. The parents were crushed by the news. Mr. and Mrs. Powell had been planning a trip to Gettysburg for some time, and they finally determined to come last week. On Monday Mrs. Powell was leaving their residence to meet her husband in order to start on the journey when a messenger boy stepped to the door and handed her a telegram. It was a summons to come to Gettysburg at once as their son had taken seriously ill.

They had made all arrangements for the trip and started accordingly to their pre-arranged schedule in the hope that their son would be on the way to recovery when they arrived there. He died at Chambersburg, however, at practically the same minute that they reached Gettysburg. The operation for appendicitis was performed on Tuesday. Horatio N. Powell, the soldier, was aged 27 years, 10 months and 3 days. He leaves his parents, his wife and one child. Their home is at Ravinia, a suburb of Chicago. Mr. Powell entered the army about two months ago, coming direct to Gettysburg.

Sting of an Insect**Causes Girl's Death.**

Spring Grove, July 14.—The sting of an insect caused the death today of Bertha, the 10-year-old daughter of Irvin Senft, an employee of the paper mill. Eight days ago the child complained of an injury to her right knee. She had no idea of the cause, but an examination by Dr. Hoke led to the belief that it came from the bite of a poisonous insect. Inflammation ensued, and though efforts were made to check it, erysipelas developed and her entire body was involved. Death occurred at 10.30 a. m. The child was conscious almost up to the time of her death.

Samuel Rojahn, one of the best known men of Dallastown, is living because the aim of his wife with a 32 calibre revolver was poor. An attempt to kill him resulted in the bullet piercing the right ear and lodging no one knows where. The murderous effort occurred on the porch of the residence about 9 o'clock. Mr. Rojahn was lying down when the wife pulled a revolver from beneath a sweater and without saying a word, placed it to what she supposed was his head and fired. She then ran into the house and barricaded the door.

Milton Gettys, a young man residing with his parents on a farm near Dillsburg, was seriously injured on Monday morning, when he was kicked by a colt, on the farm of William Kimmel. The man's lower jaw was broken, and his teeth, upper and lower, were knocked out.

Ezra Werner, sexton at Dabs' church, Manheim township, lost four hogs, valued at \$40 each, which were killed by lightning on Thursday evening. Three of the hogs were killed instantly by the bolt of lightning which struck the pen, and the fourth had to be killed.

The Rev. C. F. V. Hesse, who had been pastor of the Shrewsbury Lutheran church for the past six years, left Monday for Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky., for a five weeks' course to become a chaplain in the United States army.

The busy wife of a farmer living below Shippensburg, near Leesburg, paid \$50 fine the other day for baking bread of all wheat flour without substitutes.

Marriages.

Miss Mary Pfeffer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Pfeffer, of Gettysburg, and Lieutenant Grover C. Brandt, of Camp Colt, were married on July 5th, at Annapolis, Md., by the Rev. H. F. Carl Haas. The bride has been attending Gettysburg College and would have graduated next June. Lieutenant Brandt's home is in El Paso, Tex. He is attached to the Tank Corps.

Cletus Becker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Becker, of Hanover, and Miss Estella Stambaugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emory Stambaugh, of near Krentler's schoolhouse, were married at Hanover on Thursday by the Rev. Ralph H. Bergstresser.

Miss Annie Cantler, of Annapolis, Md., and William C. Melhorn, of the U. S. S. Kansas, were married on Wednesday at Annapolis, Md. They spent a few days with Mr. Melhorn's mother, Mrs. Paul Lawrence, at McSherrystown.

Miss Marie Grace Groft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Groft, of Berlin Junction, and Ralph Henry Heck, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Heck, of Hanover, were married at Hagerstown on July 6th at 4 p. m., by the Rev. W. E. Lynn. They will reside at No. 40 McAllister street, Hanover.

Miss Ruth Parr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Parr, of Kentland, Ind., formerly of Littlestown, and Bert McCortney, of Kentland, a member of the National Army, stationed at Camp Morrison, Va., were married on last Wednesday at Kentland.

Mrs. Louis Wiest, of Aspers, announces the marriage of her sister, Miss Mary Maddox, of Wytheville, Va., to Donald H. Warner, of the 303d Battalion, Camp Colt. The marriage took place in Gettysburg on Saturday, July 13.

Miss Helen Yingling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Yingling, and Ramond L. Topper son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Topper, both of Hanover, were married on Saturday evening by the Rev. S. A. Diehl.

Edward K. Morris, of York, and Miss Mary B. Long, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Long, of Littlestown, were married July 13th, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Norman Warner, in York, by Rev. A. E. Williams.

Battalion Supply Sergeant Augustus E. Miller, Camp Humphries, Va., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Miller, of McSherrystown, and Miss Edna C. Ackerman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Ackerman, also of McSherrystown, were married on Tuesday morning in St. Mary's Catholic church at 6:15 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. L. Augustus Reudter.

Real Estate Sales.

John Taylor has sold his farm of About 100 acres, near Center Mills, to Merritt Frame, of Sparrows Point. Mr. Frame already owns about 48 acres adjoining this.

It was George Millhines residing on the Jos. Holtz farm near New Chester, that purchased the Jesse Millhines farm near Huntersdown, and not James Millhines, as stated last week.

Harry Lerew, who sometime ago sold his farm near New Chester and moved to Hanover, has purchased from ex-sheriff G. R. Thompson, of Granite Hill, what was formerly known as the Major Robert Bell farm, about one mile from Huntersdown. Terms private.

S. D. Mehrling has sold his 2-story brick carriage factory, in Littlestown, to J. H. Weaver, who will remodel same for a large cigar factory. Mr. Mehrling will retire from business after a period of forty-three years.

Hospital Patients.

Allen Orndorff son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Orndorff, of Bonneauville, was taken on Tuesday to Westside Sanatorium, York for an examination, by Dr. F. S. Lindaman, of Littlestown.

Miss Laura Houser, of near New Baltimore, who recently underwent an operation at a Baltimore Hospital and on her return home was doing nicely, had a relapse and had to be taken to the York hospital on Friday where it is thought she must submit to another operation.

Mrs. Harry Serff, of East Berlin, who has been a patient at a sanatorium near Reading, for sometime, has returned to her home much improved in health.

Clady's Freshman, 3 year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Freshman, of West High street, was taken to the West Side Sanatorium, York, on Friday, where she underwent an operation for the removal of her tonsils and adenoids.

Miss Mary Flickinger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Flickinger, of Hanover, was taken to the state Sanatorium, on Saturday where she will undergo treatment.

The Sick.

Jerome Golden, of Bonneauville, is confined to bed suffering from cancer, his condition is serious.

Ralph Hershey, of near McSherrystown, was operated upon on Saturday morning for spinal trouble. The operation was performed at his home by Drs. W. C. and E. W. Stick.

Mrs. Frances Darone, of East Berlin, is confined to her bed by an attack of sickness.

Ammon Bupp, West High street, local telegraph operator, is confined to his home by illness. Mr. Siltzgiwer, of Porters, is filling the position temporarily.

Stork News.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Bish, of near Littlestown, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis S. Sponseller, of North Peter's street, on Wednesday, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Baugher, Hamilton township, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fecser, of Brush-town, on Friday night, a son.

The following births have been reported from McSherrystown during the past week: Mr. and Mrs. George Weaver, a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rutter, a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bair, a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. Storm, a son; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mummert, a daughter.

Moving Here and There.

Miss Margaret Overholtzer, formerly of Hampton, moved from Hanover to York, on Friday.

G. W. Weaver & Son.**Gettysburg, Pa.****...DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT STORE...**

A July Sale Unprecedented Under Present Conditions

Which are, as you know, that every month finds prices advanced beyond that of the previous month

So that any month is a more economical month in which to buy than will be the following month.

Less in July than August and so on---that is on the average. We bought so heavily, for months past, to save these price advances for our customers, that now we have accumulated over

100,000 Dollars Worth of Goods

which makes our stock turn-over tardy, notwithstanding the great increase in our sales this year, and we believe that instead of marking our goods up to keep pace with the constantly increasing prices, as we are advised to do, it will pay us better to sell our fresh regular goods, bought under present day price, at our regular percentage of profits, and close out broken lots at a cut price as in normal years.

Details will be found in the "Gettysburg Daily Times" as we have been unable, for lack of time, to classify same for the weekly papers.

Price Reductions In Every Department

On Broken Lots

And under market prices on almost the entire stock.

Notable In

Ladies' Tailored Suits, Spring Weight Coats, Silk and Lingerie Dresses, Waists and Skirts, Silk Petticoats, Rain Coats, etc.

Special In

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Ribbons, etc., and Fancy Goods of all kinds.

Men's Shirts at 95 cts.

Covering full range of Summer needs, Madras, Percales, etc., of our best makes and now worth \$1.25 and \$1.50. Stiff and soft cuffs. We will not restock on shirts at present prices--so buy your season's needs. Also Underpriced Underwear and dozens of other Men's Wear items.

In Fabrics

Special Prices and Price Reduction in Wash Goods, Voiles and Fancy Ginghams of Every Character. SILKS, in Foulards, Fancies, Pongees, etc., and High Class Cottons.

Remnants of Entire Stock

The Carpet and Drapery Department, full of Special-Priced goods, much below the present day market.

G. W. Weaver & Son,**The Leaders,****Gettysburg, Pa.**

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1918.

Local Happenings.

Edward Sterner, of Hanover, shot ten ground hogs on Tuesday afternoon in less than two hours time.

E. E. Ditenhafer, is repainting the double frame house of H. C. Stock, formerly the Daniel Barnitz property, on Pleasant street.

Postmaster Theo. E. Warner, picked up in front of the office a gold service pin containing two stars. Owner can have same by calling at the office.

While picking cherries Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Wm. Rider, of Littlestown, fell from a step-ladder and broke two ribs and her collarbone.

A signal lantern on one of the safety posts on center square and the rope surrounding the safety posts at Abbottstown, were recently stolen.

Hilliard Brown, of Reading township, received two and Jno. M. Burgard, of Paradise township, received one silo at East Berlin station last Saturday.

John Byers, of Bernaduan, lost a \$200 horse by death from brain fever last Friday night.

The Farmers' association of Abbottstown, has decided not to hold its annual picnic this year.

Contractor J. E. Kepner and force of assistants are repainting the Livingston building on Center Square.

J. A. Eckert, proprietor, is having considerable remodeling done to the hotel building in Hampton. New weatherboarding, repainting, and other improvements.

The festival at Arendtsville on Saturday evening, for the benefit of the Red Cross, was a success. The gross receipts amounted to \$360.

After having been idle for the greater part of a year, the plant of the Auburn Shale Brick Company, Gettysburg, has resumed operations.

Hanover has given 384 men thus far during the war to serve the United States.

Dr. T. C. Miller, of Abbottstown, purchased a new Ford coupe.

Local agent Wm. Gilbert has sold new Overland touring cars to Adam Kimmel and Willis Thomas, both of near Round Hill.

The Maple Grove Sunday school will hold its annual picnic on Saturday, July 20 in Reichards grove. The Carroll County Reed band will furnish music for the occasion.

Mrs. Edith Burke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Burke, of McSherrystown, has accepted a position as bookkeeper in the Farmers Bank of McSherrystown.

George Miller, of Bonneauville, while cranking a Ford car on Thursday, broke his right arm at the wrist by the engine backfiring. Dr. Lindaman, of Littlestown, reduced the fracture.

William Geiman, of Hanover, an employee of the Long Furniture company is on duty on account of bruises sustained on Sunday morning by falling down a flight of stairs.

The Straban township supervisors are having a concrete culvert erected across the small stream between the Lincoln Highway and the railroad, at Guildens Station.

It has been decided that there will be no picnic held by the Conewago congregation this season. A festival, however will be held in the Church hall, on Saturday, July 27th.

William Myers, of Abbottstown, is nursing a sore foot, caused by stepping on a wire nail, which penetrated his foot more than an inch. The accident occurred while working at carpentering.

J. W. Thoman, treasurer and advertising manager of the Hanover Printing Co., has resigned. Prof. Thoman was for a number of terms Superintendent of the Schools of Adams county.

Mrs. Robert Myers, of York Springs, had the misfortune to run the point of a scissors into the middle finger of her right hand, causing a painful wound. Dr. Myers, of York Springs, dressed the injury.

The Hanover Electric Power and Heating company has filed with the Public Service Commission a schedule of rates and rules governing the distribution of steam heat in Hanover. The new rates become effective September 15th next.

C. K. Forry is making preparations to erect a large brick dwelling on the property he recently purchased from the York turnpike company. It is the old toll-gate property, just east of Abbottstown on the Lincoln Highway.

The forebay at the Holtz Mill, operated by D. H. Sharrer & Son, near New Chester, gave way a few days ago, causing the mill to be idle until the arrival of the new Frick engine, from Waynesboro, which will be installed.

A truck load of comfort chairs and other articles for the convalescents, donated by the citizens of town and vicinity were taken from the home of Mrs. C. K. Yeager to the hospital at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, last week.

At a meeting of the East Berlin school-board last Tuesday evening Isabella Brown was elected teacher of the Grammar school and Florence Jacobs teacher of the Secondary school. The other teachers as previously elected are Harper Wentz of the High school and Vergie Diehl, Primary teacher.

Wood Stubble Penetrates Foot.

While on a fishing trip to Kohler's dam, near town, on Thursday night, Norman Berkheimer, of West High street, manager of the Harris Bros. Clothing Store on Center Square, met with a painful accident. Mr. Berkheimer in his barefeet was walking across a grain field that was recently reaped, and tread upon a stubble of weed, about 1/4 inch in diameter. The stubble passed almost entirely thru the right foot near the instep causing an ugly wound that is giving him considerable trouble. A local surgeon gave the injury necessary treatment.

Suffering from Ulcer on Eye.

Ellis Walker, a resident of Hunterstown is suffering from a very sore eye, the cause for which is unknown. While sitting on the porch of his home on Sunday afternoon, June 23rd, Mr. Walker felt a stinging sensation of the left eye and since that date the eye has become gradually worse. He was taken to a York specialist on Monday, where it was claimed that the eye is in a very bad condition, but there are hopes of retaining the sight. Mr. Walker is the father of Mrs. Albert Laughman, residing along the Carlisle pike, north of town.

Injured in Action.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert R. Feeser, of near New Chester, formerly of near Hampton, have been notified that their son, Harry Feeser, a private in the U. S. Army, has been wounded "somewhere in France" and is recovering in a hospital. No further particulars were given. Private Feeser enlisted last fall and was sent to Columbus barracks, later being transferred to Charlotte, N. C., where he was connected with the 7th Infantry. This company was sent to France in May and were placed at the firing line soon after their arrival there.

Bitten by Dog.

On his way up the alley from Lincoln Way, to the New Oxford garage, on Friday morning, Bernard Livingston, the 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Livingston, of Lincoln Way, West, was bitten by a dog belonging to Oscar A. Ziegler, of West High street. The dog was running loose in the alley and when the boy was about to pass him the animal sprang at young Livingston without any cause and sank his long teeth into the flesh of the lad's right thigh. A local physician cauterized the wound.

138 Are Added to First Class.

Of the 254 men who registered at Gettysburg June 8th all have been classified with the exception of 33, whose cases are still before the district board. The disposition of the men is as follows: Class one, 138; Deferred classes, 83; Under appeal, 33. Of those placed in Class I only 32 asked for deferred positions, and 102 stated that they had no claim whatever for lower classes. The Class I men are now being called for physical examination.

Prof John L. Stock, recently re-elected principal of the New Oxford schools, was called before the District Board at Harrisburg, on Tuesday as one of the registrants of 1917. Prof. Stock expects to go with one of the contingents in August but this will not be definitely known for a few days. Mrs. Stock accompanied her husband to Harrisburg and they will spend sometime at the Capitol City, as well as with friends at Middletown and Elizabethtown, before returning home.

Fred Melhorn, of McSherrystown, was arrested on Thursday afternoon by Constable James Sterner on oath of Mrs. Sylvester Rider, before Justice of the Peace Rice, charging him with assault and battery on her minor son, Ervin Rider. The case was amicably settled by the defendant entering into a recognizance for his good behavior.

Charles Hensil, of Berlin Ave., an employee of the Livingston Shoe factory, had a gash about one-half inch in depth torn in the flesh of his left hand, between the thumb and index finger, when it came in contact with a tack protruding from a shoe he was handling, on Thursday. A local surgeon dressed the wound.

About thirty-five soldiers from Camp Colt marched to town on Sunday forenoon and were entertained by members of the M. E. Church. They were taken home by automobiles. About 75 members of the camp will be entertained by families of the First Lutheran church, on Sunday July 28th.

A large crowd of persons from the surrounding community attended the exercises connected with the raising of the Liberty Loan Banner at Mt. Misery, Oxford township, on Friday evening. The program consisted of speech-making, singing, etc.

Members of the Junior Christian Endeavor society of the Lutheran church, at Abbottstown, enjoyed an outing on Thursday. They spent the day along Beaver creek, east of the town, serving their dinner and supper on the banks of the stream.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Hoffman Orphanage near Two Taverns, will conduct services in St. Paul's Reformed church, this place, at 10 a. m. on Sunday, and at Emmanuel's Reformed church, at Abbottstown, in the evening.

A festival and dance for the benefit of the church of the Immaculate Conception, under the auspices of the Knights of St. George, will be held on the school lawn and in Parochial Hall, on North Peter's street, on Saturday evening.

Three Persons Break Jail.

About 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoon three prisoners at the county jail got away. James Williams, the youth who was accused of receiving a stolen automobile; Mary Morrison, a southern girl, and Raymond Connelly, a young boy. The Morrison girl was caught a short time afterward.

Friday morning District Attorney Topper was on his way to Harrisburg by auto and when about a mile this side of York Springs he saw Williams walking along the road. The car was stopped and Mr. Topper told the lad he was under arrest. When York Springs was reached the prisoner was turned over to Constable Pittenturf and Sheriff Hartman was notified to come for him. The lad claimed he spent the night at a Gettysburg hotel and that on Friday morning he rode as far as Heidlersburg in the side car of a motorcycle. It is thought that the delivery was effected by the girl who is believed to have used some instrument from a tool box to twist the lock off Williams' cell door. The three then got out by way of the kitchen. Williams was particularly wanted as he is regarded as an important witness against two men taken in Philadelphia for stealing cars, as well as to answer for his own offenses.

Connelly was captured at his home in the Pigeon Hills about 11 o'clock on Saturday night. The capture of Connelly was effected by Sheriff Hartman after a search and maneuver that sounds like tales of mountain operations of the Pennsylvania state police. The lad was far back in one of the wildest sections of the Pigeon Hills and the capture was effected after several hours' search.

Motor Car On Berlin Branch Railroad.

The motoring of the Berlin Branch Railroad is not only an advanced step along traffic lines but also in fuel conservation. The first car propelled by a storage battery made the initial trip on Wednesday morning from Berlin Junction to Abbottstown and East Berlin. The car used on the line is the first bus which was formerly run between Gettysburg and Hanover. It is equipped with flange wheels, and an electric storage battery attached. The seats are arranged as in a passenger coach. On the trial trip, which proved quite satisfactory, the car was in charge of Conductor Danner, with engineer Masemore at the controller. There were 16 passengers aboard, among the number being Jacob Darone, of East Berlin; D. A. Miller, of Abbottstown, and Jacob M. Wehler, of Hanover. The car will be used for passenger traffic and the former locomotive and car called into service when necessary to haul heavy freight.

Pig Caused Trouble.

John Legore, son of Alva Legore, Midway, on Sunday evening while driving a Ford automobile on the State Road beyond Brunshtown, met with an accident resulting in the considerable wrecking of his car and he received a number of bruises on his body. Mr. Legore was driving at a moderate rate and in turning out of the way of a pig on the road, ran into a gutter upsetting his machine. One wheel of the machine was thrown across the fence into an adjoining field. In the car with Legore was James Noel, of Square Corner, and Harry Small, of Midway, both of whom sustained slight injuries. Another driver coming in the opposite direction, ran over the pig and killed it, but escaped injury to himself or damage to machine.

An Adams County boy was one of a gang of 109 men who were pronounced the world's champion steel layers, having placed and bolted 148 tons of steel to the hull and keel of the Schohario building at Hog Island in three and one-half hours. The men were photographed after their victory. The picture was published in a recent issue of the "Hog Island News."

Paul L. Foulk, of Mt. Pleasant township, was Adams county's representative in the record-breaking work.

Miss Annie Moore, of near Seven Hundred, received a cushion top from John E. Keiser, of the 186th Aero squadron, now somewhere in France. In the center of the cushion there is worked a bunch of sweet peas. A border of red, white and blue lace about five inches wide surrounds the cushion. It can be seen in the window of A. P. Wagner's store. Mr. Wagner has also on display four large pictures of his brothers, who are now in service.

Miss Helen Gephart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gephart, of near White Hall, was stunned by lightning during a storm late on Thursday afternoon while at work in the B. F. Schriver canning factory, Littlestown. Dr. Gettler, of Littlestown, was summoned and administered restoratives. The girl soon recovered consciousness and was then removed to her home.

The automobile of F. N. Frommeyer, of Gettysburg, stalled on the railroad crossing in that place, on Sunday afternoon, was struck by a freight train, and damaged about the front wheels and fenders. Mr. Frommeyer and two tourists in the car escaped injury, doubtless because of the slow rate at which the train was traveling.

Stanley Lawrence, the well known carpenter and contractor of Irishtown, had the index finger of his right hand badly lacerated by having it caught between the cogs of a corn sheller which he was operating, recently. A local surgeon gave necessary attention.

Hear Him!

Ex-Burgess Geo. S. Hummer, writes as follows of the Fourth of July parade and exercises in New Oxford, to the Littlestown "Independent":

"The Fourth passed off very nicely without any disturbance. There was a goodly number of people in town and the parade was fine. But the crowd and parade were not as large as the P. O. S. of A. anniversary a few years ago. Nor was there anything in the parade besides the Red Cross and soldiers from Camp Colt to attract any marked attention. The people were promised one of the largest parades and meetings New Oxford ever had and if it had not been that the Red Cross, and about three hundred and twenty-five soldiers from Camp Colt were in it, the parade would have been a very small affair. The opportunity was present to make this a big affair, but it was not made use of."

We are sorry to note that Mr. Hummer in writing ignores that great and grand American flag; the honor flag, representing the "boys" of our town and surrounding community, who are placing their lives at stake for Democracy; the old veterans who fought for freedom; five good bands of music, etc. Surely our Fire Company, Town Council, Fraternal and Patriotic organizations, all are not worthy of "Any Marked Attention", without Mr. Hummer being one of the representatives. The correspondent makes an effort to belittle the committees who had charge of the arrangements when he says "The opportunity was present to make this a big affair, but it was not made use of." What sort of a "big affair" should it have been? All fair-minded persons will admit that the parade, in itself was a grand success, and the patriotic exercises which attended the unfurling of the two flags, were of a most refined and patriotic nature. And all in all the entire affair was one of the greatest and most successful patriotic demonstrations the town has ever witnessed. What a pity Mr. Hummer was not re-elected Chief Burgess!

That glorious emblem of this great nation "Nothing to draw marked attention"

Men for Next Draft Call.

The local draft board has sent notices to fourteen young men to report on July 16th. From this list thirteen will be sent to Camp Lee, at Petersburg, Virginia. The call is Adams county's share of the July draft which fell heavily on a number of states while Pennsylvania escaped with a comparatively light allotment. The list is as follows: Carl E. Stough, New Oxford R4; Charles A. Brane, Gettysburg; Oscar J. Rife, Hanover; Edward C. Livelsberger, Hanover R5; Leo G. Weaver, McSherrystown; Ralph P. Behl, McSherrystown; Roy M. Taylor, Gettysburg R5; Franklin P. Baker, Orrtanna R1; Geo. E. Hagerman, McSherrystown; Norman T. Cluck, Fairfield; Justin S. Resser, East Berlin; David D. Kendlebart, Gettysburg; E. R. LeFevre, Piedmont, W. Va.; Joseph E. Codori, Gettysburg.

Monday morning three young men were sent by the local board to the University of Pittsburgh for technical training after which they will be assigned to some branch of Army work. They are Paul B. Kebil, of Fairfield; Norbert L. Oyler, of Gettysburg; and J. Warfield Collins, of Gettysburg. Only nine Class I men remain from the 1917 registration in addition to those farmers who had their inductions stayed.

Killed in Action.

That at least one of the infantry regiments which were at Gettysburg last summer has been in the thick of the fighting is indicated in a telegram received at Gettysburg on Wednesday night, announcing the death in action of Joseph P. Socia, a private in the Fourth U. S. Infantry. Several of the men in the Provisional Battalion were reported killed and wounded a few months ago, but this is the first news of a casualty among the infantry regiments. The telegram was sent to Miss Margaret Eckenrode, by Adjutant General McCann, and said:

"Deeply regret to inform you that Private Joseph P. Socia, infantry, is officially reported as killed in action."

Private Socia came last June from the border with the two regiments which were detailed to Gettysburg. Private Socia was a resident of Houston, Texas, before he enlisted. He leaves his widowed mother, two sisters and two brothers. Thursday's casualty list gives the death of Private Socia and names Gettysburg as his place of residence.

Fell Into Well.

A Miss Kelly, of near Pittsburgh, visiting at the home of Lawrence Kelly, near Hanover, narrowly escaped death on Sunday. While attempting to walk over the top of an old well, the boards having become decayed, gave way, throwing the young lady into the well which is 30 feet deep and contained over 5 feet of water. Charles Sunday, of Hanover, formerly of New Oxford, who was present at the time, lowered a rope to the young lady and by this means she was able to hold herself above water until a ladder was secured. The young lady's injuries consisted of severe cuts and bruises.

One of the most costly pieces of vandalism that has been committed in this county for a long time occurred last week when some one entered the fine apple orchard of Charles Bushey, east of Bendersville, and sawed off nine of his best apple trees.

The work was done 6 or 8 inches off the ground and the cut so deep that the slightest wind would blow over the trees. Mr. Bushey has offered a reward of \$100 for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons responsible.

Taken by Death.

Rev. J. O. Clippinger, a former United Brethren pastor in Adams county, died on Tuesday at his home in Chambersburg, in his 70th year. He leaves his wife, a son and a daughter. He was born in Lurgan township, Franklin county, his parents being Elias and Elizabeth Clippinger.

Mrs. Mary Scott Teupser, widow of E. A. Teupser, and a former resident of Gettysburg, died suddenly in Harrisburg on Sunday night. She was the youngest of the family of Major John Scott and Mrs. Scott, of Gettysburg, and she was also the last member of that family. She leaves one son, Frank A. Teupser, of Harrisburg.

Miss Louisa C. Lawrence died at 3 o'clock on Friday morning at the home of her sisters, the Misses Lawrence, in McSherrystown, from apoplexy, following a several weeks' illness. She was aged 70 years, 8 months and 14 days. The deceased was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Levi Lawrence, of near Mt. Rock. She is survived by four sisters: Mrs. John Sneringer, of Bonneauville; Mrs. E. P. Kuhn, of Mt. Rock; Misses Matilda and Mary Lawrence, at home; three brothers: Vincent, of near New Oxford; Lewis, of Washington, D. C., and Levi, of Mt. Rock.

Abner D. Kuhn died at his home in Hilltown at noon Friday, from a complication of diseases, aged 80 years, 3 months and 11 days. He sustained a broken hip about six weeks ago when he fell at his home, and this hastened his death. He leaves his wife and three daughters and sons: Mrs. Edward Keiser, of near Bonneauville; Mrs. Jennie Cole, of Buchanan Valley; James Kuhn, Franklin township; Miss Mary Kuhn, York; John, of Philadelphia; Emory, of Illinois; and Charles, of Cashtown. He also leaves three brothers and a sister: Reuben S. Kuhn, Iowa; Samuel Kuhn, Cashtown; Mrs. Alfred Dearthoff, Miammsburg; Daniel Kuhn, Cashtown.

John T. Ott died very suddenly at the home of his son, E. C. Ott, in Gettysburg, on Saturday morning at 12:15. He had been in his usual health Friday and became ill about ten o'clock in the evening from indigestion. He was aged 77 years, 11 months and 9 days. He was born and reared in Frederick county, near Rocky Ridge. After the death of his wife in 1907, he made his home with his son, E. C. Ott. He leaves three sons: Rev. J. W. Ott, Hagerstown; E. C. Ott, Gettysburg, and Charles I. Ott, of Washington, D. C.

Edwin F. Fisher died Friday evening at the home of his son, Ambrose Fisher, in Littlestown, from dropsy. He was aged 80 years, 11 months and 11 days. Mr. Fisher was born in Germany township and the greater part of his life was spent in farming. His wife died some years ago and he leaves two sons, Ambrose Fisher, of Littlestown, with whom he lived; and Milton Fisher, of Taneytown. He also leaves a brother, John A. Fisher, of Hanover, and one sister, Mrs. James Snyder.

John A. Hoffman died on Saturday morning at the home of his nephew, J. Hoke Slaybaugh, in Biglerville, after a lingering illness terminating in dropsy of the heart. He was born in Butler township, and was aged 70 years, 2 months and 20 days. He leaves only one brother, Samuel Hoffman, of Biglerville.

Frank Anderson Bonesky, Jr., infant son of Sergeant and Mrs. Frank A. Bonesky, of Gettysburg, died on Monday morning from erysipelas and complications. He was aged one month and eight days. He leaves his parents, one half-sister, Rebecca Ziegler, and a half-brother, Thomas Ziegler. His father is now somewhere in France.

Loretta Romaine, the 5-day-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Leonard, Hanover, died Saturday afternoon about four o'clock.

Joseph Mark, infant son of Mrs. Emma and the late Joseph M. Post, died at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. A. Smith, South Orange street, at 9:30 o'clock on Tuesday morning from pneumonia, aged 3 months and 15 days. It will be remembered that the father of the child met a fatal accident in the Lugg mill, near town, last summer. Surviving are the mother and two little brothers. The funeral will take place at 2:30 o'clock this Thursday afternoon. Interment will be made in the Catholic cemetery, the Rev. Fr. Shanahan officiating.

William Butt died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Myers, at East Berlin, on Tuesday morning after a prolonged sickness from a complication of diseases. He was aged about 80 years. He is survived by six sons and three daughters: Clayton and Milton, of York; Chas. of Minnesota; Jacob, of Thomasville, Curtis of near East Berlin, and William, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Laura Lawry, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Charles Myers, of East Berlin, and Mrs. Ellen Reynolds. The funeral will be held on Friday morning at 9 o'clock. The Rev. I. S. Dittler will officiate. Interment will be made in the Union cemetery, East Berlin.

Vincent A. Fink, a well known resident of Oxford township, died at his home in Irishtown at 9:30 o'clock on Tuesday morning, aged 67 years, 5 months and 22 days. Death was due to apoplexy, of which he suffered several attacks within

the last few years. Deceased was the oldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James H. Fink, and spent his entire life in Irishtown and vicinity. His wife, who was a Miss Alwine, died about 6 years ago. He is survived by two children: Wilbur Fink and Catharine Fink, both at home. Three brothers: Edwin Fink, of Hanover; Gregory F., of Philadelphia, and Harry, of Lancaster, also survive. The funeral will take place from his late home at 8:30 o'clock on Friday morning. Interment will be made in Conewago Chapel Cemetery, after a High Mass of Requiem in Sacred Heart church, the Rev. Fr. Koch, officiating.

Mrs. Mary Jane Weaver Died in 98th Year.

Mrs. Mary Jane Weaver, widow of the late David Weaver, and mother of our townsman, John S. Weaver, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David Mumma, in Hanover, with whom she had been making her home for sometime, at 7 o'clock on Friday morning. Death was due to the infirmities of old age. She was aged 97 years, 4 months and 23 days. The deceased was born in Baltimore and was a daughter of the late Henry and Margaret Rosensteel. The greater part of her life was spent in Conewago township and McSherrystown, though she resided with her late husband in New Oxford for a number of years, and after his death spent much of her time with her son here. At the age of 23 years she was married to Mr. Weaver, who preceded her in death 17 years ago, while a resident of New Oxford.

Mrs. Weaver was a survivor of the Johnstown flood, having resided there at the time of the calamity, in which she had a miraculous escape with her life.

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Bertie Mumma, of Hanover, and Mrs. Martha J. Mayhew, of Johnstown, and one son John S. Weaver, of New Oxford; also 37 grandchildren and 48 great-grandchildren survive.

The funeral was held on Monday morning. Requiem high mass celebrated in St. Vincent's church, Midway, at 9 o'clock. After the services the remains were brought to New Oxford, where interment was made in the Catholic cemetery.

Fatally Stricken On Fishing Trip.

David A. Renner, a resident of Littlestown, was stricken with apoplexy about 1 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon while fishing at Marker's Mill, Md. He was found in a semi-conscious condition by two companions, Charles Staley and Robert Mehring, of Littlestown, and was taken to the home of John Marker, where he died at 6:30 in the evening. Several of the members of his family reached the place shortly before he died. Mr. Renner was aged 64 years, 2 months and 20 days. He spent the greater part of his life in Germany township where he was engaged in farming. He moved to Littlestown a year ago and since that time had been associated with his brother, Samuel Renner, in the hardware business. He leaves his wife, two daughters and five sons: Mrs. Addison Harner, of Hanover; Mrs. Charles Little, of Two Taverns; William and Ernest Renner, of Taneytown; John and Roy Renner, with the American Expeditionary Forces, and Samuel Renner, at Camp Meade, where he is recovering in the hospital from a recent operation. Mr. Renner also leaves a brother and two sisters: Samuel Renner, of Littlestown; Mrs. Sarah Noll, of Taneytown, and Mrs. Geo. Hammond, of Baltimore.

Sewing Factory Changes Hands.

J. A. Brockley, who some months ago started a shirt factory in the Diehl building on Lincoln Way West has sold the outfit to U. L. Gladfelter, of East Berlin. Mr. Gladfelter, who now operates sewing factories at East Berlin and Abbottstown, will take possession of the local plant on Monday, July 22nd, and intends to put the same in full operation at once. Mr. Brockley, who moved his family here from Hanover, is undecided as to what he will engage in, but expect to remove from New Oxford by the 1st of August.

John W. Myers, son of Mrs. W. D. Myers, of Hamilton township, was one of six students appointed by the faculty of Ursinus college, Collegeville, to the training camp at Plattburg, N. Y. These men will be given temporary enlistment for the sixty days in which they will be at Plattburg, after which they will enlist in the Students' Army Training corps unit of Ursinus college as subordinates to the officers whom the government will place in charge of military instruction in the college in the fall.

WANTED.—1000 chickens at 20c for old hens, and 25c for old roosters. Phone or address Altland House, Abbottstown.

Notice! Positively no wet or damp wheat will be received. John H. Dutta. Farmers' Exchange, New Oxford.

FOR RENT.—Several houses in New Oxford, with or without conveniences. Inquire of J. H. Plymire, at Crystal Theatre.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford—by J. H. Dutta

Choice Wheat.....	\$2 20
Rye.....	1 25
Barley.....	1 25
Oats.....	65 80
New Corn.....	1 25
Shelled Corn.....	1 35

When Germany Tells the Truth

Peace Terms Given Her Own People Vastly Different From Those of the Rest of the World

When Germany is talking for publication—through the kaiser or his hand-picked chancellor—she speaks a great desire for a "liberal peace." Conquest and tribute are the farthest things from her mind, she says.

When Germany is talking to her own people she tells the truth about the sort of peace she wants. Her real terms of peace—the terms the kaiser and his chancellor promise the soldiers they are going to get when they win the war—were found in a trench taken by the allies the other day, and they are quite different from the terms advertised.

They were all written out plain and emphatic, and among other things they proclaim that Belgium must remain under German military, economic and political domination. Of course that isn't conquest.

Courland, Lithuania, Livonia and Esthonia are to be "colonized" by Germany. Neither is that conquest.

Liberty of the seas is to be established, a "made in Germany" liberty by which the limit of the world's shipping is to be established, giving Germany and her friends—Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria, 17,800,000 tons, and all the rest of the world—America, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and all—a total of 10,900,000 tons. Nothing like world domination in that; just "liberality."

Roumania must "place at the disposal of Germany 1,800,000 tons of petroleum." Certainly that isn't tribute; just friendliness.

And for America and the other allies this: "Those nations which attacked peaceful Germany must pay all war charges in raw materials, ships, ready money and territorial concessions, leaving Germany with only five billions national debt." Tribute? Certainly not. Just a testimonial of appreciation of Germany's greatness and goodness—a forty or fifty billion dollar testimonial.

And there are still people in this country who pretend to believe Germany wishes to make peace on "liberal" terms.

Jerusalem Blooming Again

Like a Rose, Says Writer in Letter to London Times

The Rose of Jericho, writes a Jerusalem correspondent to the London Times, when one buys it in the shops is a queer little withered ball of shriveled fibers, which the inexperienced think fit only for the rubbish heap. But put it in water and the thing revives, turns freshly green, and begins to sprout anew with life that has been always dormant but never dead. This strange plant is symbolical of Jerusalem. The more rapid recovery from conditions of misery was delayed by the maneuvers of certain speculators whose object was to hinder the British advance into Palestine, bringing with it a vivifying tide of honest Egyptian notes and silver.

Scouting profit, rascally speculators went about among the more ignorant, cunningly representing Egyptian notes to be only worth in gold the value of discredited Turkish paper, and they thus succeeded in buying up a quantity at the average price of 3s. 6d. Such chicanery caused great distress to the mass of the people and considerable inconvenience to the military administration by shaking public confidence in the Egyptian bank notes.

But the good names of Britain and of Egypt are helping things to right themselves, and trade is now being done in goods coming from Egypt daily. Jerusalem had become like the Rose of Jericho, which had withered and was seemingly dead. To us it is given to watch the Holy City revive and renew her youth.

CHEAPER POULTRY RATIONS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The demand for wheat for human consumption necessitates that it be used as economically and sparingly as possible for feeding animals and chickens. Some "just as good" rations which contain no wheat have been tried out in egg laying tests by the United States department of agriculture, and excellent results have been secured. Thirty laying hens, to which wheatless rations were fed, produced in the two years covered by the test on an average of 147.3 eggs for the pullet year, and 121 eggs during the second year. This compares favorably with egg yields secured on other rations containing wheat, and therefore more expensive.

The wheatless ration is also being tried on a pen of Buff Orpington pullets and during the past ten months they have laid on an average of 111.3 eggs, a very good yield for this period.

The wheatless ration used was as follows:

Scratch mixture—Two pounds of cracked corn, one pound of oats.

Dry Mash—Three pounds of corn meal, one pound of beef scrap.

The scratch mixture was fed sparingly, the hens being permitted to eat about as much of it as of the dry mash. During the two-year test the hens were provided with free range where they could pick a variety of green feed. Leghorn pullets were used and it was found that it took 4.6 pounds of feed to produce a dozen eggs. Fifty-two pounds of grain was consumed by each pullet annually, and of this amount twenty-six pounds was from the scratch mixture. When wheat is omitted from the ration it is advisable to feed more beef scrap. Laying hens should have a good supply of protein, and the additional beef scrap supplies this essential in one of the cheapest forms.

Cotton seed meal used to replace half the beef scrap in the mash has given good results on the government poultry farm and has had no bad effect on the quality of the eggs. Where cotton seed meal replaced all the beef scrap the results were unsatisfactory both in number and quality of eggs. Mustard meal has not proven as good a substitute for beef scrap as fish meal, which, to the amount of 25 per cent of the mash, has affected the flavor or the taste of the eggs.

Much in Little.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has 1,353 missionaries on its rolls.

Since the discovery of tin in Alaska in 1902 nearly 1,000 tons of the metal have been produced.

The Methodist church in Japan has gained at least 12 per cent in membership during the last year.

An East Concord (N. H.) farmer has been offered \$28 a bushel for his Golden Bantam seed corn.

Pay Employees to Exercise.

For the last few months the office employees of a large manufacturing concern have been paid to exercise an hour a day, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The company feels that the best possible physical condition of its men is so desirable that it has fitted up a gymnasium for them and placed an experienced physical instructor in charge. Executives, superintendents, managers and others are all urged to spend one hour of the company's time each day in the gymnasium.

Great Lakes Naval Training Station Band

Famous Military Musical Organization Which Aided in Third Liberty Loan and Red Cross Drives

In the Third Liberty Loan campaign and the Red Cross drive it was the part of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station band to play the dollars out of people's pockets and into our war chest. Its success is the subject of nationwide comment today. Capt. William A. Moffett, commandant of the Great Lakes Naval Training station, had a big vision when he originated this band. Today this vision is reality, for the band has grown into one of the greatest single elements for constructive propaganda and compelling Americanism ever brought forth.

The organization now is made up of one thousand expert musicians, all regularly enlisted men, including the only battalion band in the world. They are under the direction of America's premier bandmaster, Lieut. John Philip Sousa.

The band was divided into twelve units during the Third Liberty Loan campaign. In each unit were from twenty-five to two hundred men. These bands went into five of the twelve Federal Reserve Bank districts, making two and three week stands in such cities as Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, St. Louis, Kansas City, Duluth and Milwaukee. Various units toured Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Indiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Oklahoma, Colorado, Wyoming and northern New Mexico.

During the Liberty Loan campaign the Great Lakes Naval Training Station band played before nine million, five hundred thousand people. They marched



GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING STATION BAND ON PARADE. Over three thousand, six hundred miles and played more than twelve thousand pieces. They were greeted everywhere by the greatest display of patriotic enthusiasm ever accorded a military organization in the history of America.

Besides influencing bond sales variously estimated at from five hundred million to a billion dollars, this band is reported to have aroused the districts into which it went to a pitch of patriotism and solid confidence in the administration and all things American that nothing else could have accomplished. Into every section of the larger cities and into every community marched the bluejackets, firm of step, erect of carriage, fighting men, every inch of them. Thousands of Americans who never before in this war had realized the caliber of men upon whom America depends for victory, saw these two-fisted sea-going young patriots and dug down into their purses for money to back them up.

It was at the urgent request of Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo that the Great Lakes bandmen went into the Third Liberty Loan campaign. In a letter to Secretary Josephus Daniels of the navy, he speaks of the "extremely valuable assistance rendered by the Great Lakes Naval Training Station band."

At the period of the two campaigns named, this country seemed to need visible evidence of where the money was going. Every highway and byway of sixteen states was visited by the Great Lakes band and every grown-up and every little tot stood straighter and breathed faster at the sight of them swinging down the street, playing the fighting tunes of America's time-tried race of fighting men.

Mother's Cook Book.

Cottage Cheese Dishes.

Our government food experts realize the need that all housewives learn to use many foods which have high nutritive value, but have been given but a small place in the family diet. Cottage cheese is one of these wholesome dishes. There are some who have not learned to like this nutritious food, and so it may be given in small doses, camouflaged in such a manner that in a short while even the most obstinate objector is fully immune. One way to introduce this into the diet of a biased member of the family is to make

Cottage Cheese Dressing.

Take a quart of a cup of nice creamy cottage cheese and mix it with any good boiled dressing or a mayonnaise is especially good, using a spoonful of the dressing at a time, adding well until thoroughly blended, and enough of the dressing is added to cover the flavor of the cheese. This heaped over sliced tomatoes is perfectly delicious, and will never be discarded by mere man as containing anything but legitimate materials, ordinarily found in the average salad dressing.

Cottage Cheese Sausage.

Take a cupful each of cottage cheese, a cup of dry bread crumbs or rice or a mixture of both, two table-spoons of butter or sweet fat, a fourth of a cup of chopped pecans, or peanuts, a half teaspoon of powdered sage or poultry dressing, one teaspoon of salt, a tablespoonful of milk, a third of a teaspoon of soda dissolved in the milk, a tablespoonful of finely minced onion. Cook the onion in the fat until tender but not brown, then mix all the ingredients together and form into balls, roll in bread crumbs and brown in a frypan in a little hot fat. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Cottage Cheese for Dessert.

Add a little sugar to a cupful of seasoned cheese, make a mound of it and dot with teaspoonsful of raspberry jam. Serve with crackers and coffee. Cottage cheese with chopped red cherries is delectable as a sandwich filling.

Marie Maxwell

THE THINGS THAT COUNT

Now, dear, it isn't the bold things. Great deeds of valor and might. That count the most in the summing up. That of life at the end of the day. But it is the doing of old things. Small acts that are just and right; And doing them over and over again, no matter what others say; In smiling a fate when you want to cry, and in keeping at work when you want to play— Dear, these are the things that count.

And, dear, it isn't the new ways. Where the wonder-seekers crowd. That lead us into a land of content, or help us to find our own. But it is keeping to true ways. Though the music is not so loud, And there may be many a shadowed spot where we journey along alone; In floating a prayer at the face of fear, and in changing into a song a groan— Dear, these are the things that count.

My dear, it isn't the loud part Of creeds that is pleasing to God, Not the chant of a prayer, or the hum of a hymn, or a jubilant shout or song. But it is the beautiful proud part Of walking with feet faith-shod; And in loving, loving, loving through all, no matter how things go wrong; In trusting ever, though dark the day, and in keeping your hope when the way seems long— Dear, these are the things that count. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Bathing Is a Luxury, Not a Necessity, According to Arctic Explorer's Theory

It is not essential to one's health that one bathe frequently, according to the hypothesis expounded by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer, in a philosophical discussion of scurvy in the Medical Review of Reviews. Mr. Stefansson asserts bathing is purely an esthetic principle and that the value of cleanliness to health has not been established by the medical practitioners.

Mr. Stefansson's pronouncement will be greeted with jubilation by the elements which possess an ingrained dislike for hydrogen and oxygen in proportions of two to one. It has been accepted as dogmatic by the Mexican pelados for years, who as a religious function, bathe only on St. John's day, which is celebrated early in May.

"Much of what the ordinary practitioner tells you about 'bathing for health' is either not yet demonstrated as true or else is demonstrably untrue," declares Mr. Stefansson. "The fact is that, according to the point of view, cleanliness is a matter of esthetics or else of taboo observance rather than of health."

The explorer makes an apology in the article for his attack on medical orthodoxy by declaring he has been divorced from medical books and journals for more than ten years. Mr. Stefansson wrote the treatise while in the arctic region in 1910. He was reported as dangerously ill from typhoid fever on Ebershel Island.

SUMMER SMILES

Bristled Right Up.

"Miss Jones," said the hostess, "permit me to introduce Mr. Hogg, author of those delightfully clever poems you must have read."

"I am glad to meet Mr. Hogg," said the young woman. "Pardon the question, but is that your real name?"

"Certainly," said Hogg, bristling up. "Did you think it was my pen name?"

The Disagreeable Man!

"Are you still taking painting lessons, Jack?"

"No; I left off yesterday. I don't like my master."

"Why not?"

"He has such a disagreeable way of talking. He told me that if I kept on for some time longer I might, with a certain amount of help, be able to whitewash a fence."

German Buttons Will Be Easier.

"There's one thing about those heavy German metal helmets."

"What is it?"

"No soldier is likely to try to carry more than a dozen or so of them home for souvenirs."

Teacher's Orders.

"Here, ma," requested the boy, hurrying in from school, "hang my jacket up behind the stove."

"Is it wet?"

"No, but teacher sent me home to tell you to warm my jacket for me."

Identical Thoughts.

"Do you and your wife ever think the same?"

"When I'm out late at the club we do. She keeps thinking what she'll say when I get home, and so do I."

Distinguishing Mark.

"This check is doubtless all right," said the bank cashier politely, "but have you anything about you that would serve to identify you?"

"I have a mole on my left elbow," faltered the pretty girl.

In the Boarding-House.

"We never get quantity for more than one help apiece from the kitchen."

"Well, you couldn't expect anything to be repaid by a dumb waiter could you?"

First Lake Steamboat.

The first lake steamboat of Lake Erie, the Walk on the Water, was launched at Black Rock, a short distance below Buffalo, just 100 years ago.

She made her maiden voyage from Buffalo to Detroit in the following August.

Use More Hominy

Several Kinds of This Real American Food

Americans! Have we forgotten some of the best foods we once knew? Are you using hominy? Why not follow the example of our forefathers and use much of this good corn product? The first settlers of America learned from the Indians how to prepare the Indian corn for use. They removed the hulls from the dry grain by pounding it in a mortar with a pestle. The cracked corn they called by the Indian name "hominy." Hominy became one of their staple foods without which they would often have gone hungry. They cooked it in huge iron kettles hung over the blazing logs in the open fireplace.

They also learned to remove the germ and hull from the corn by boiling the grain with lye and then washing thoroughly. They sometimes called this product "hulled corn" but it is now more often called "lye hominy."

There are several kinds of hominy on the market. If you do not know how good they are, try them and find out, advises the United States department of agriculture.

The coarse hominy, samp, or pearl hominy.—This is much like the hominy the pioneers used. The grain is split to remove the germ, hulled and polished by machinery. It is much used, particularly in the central and eastern states. It is worth using everywhere.

The fine hominy or hominy grits.—This is made by grinding the coarse hominy. Grits are excellent served as a vegetable much as rice is used. Grits are also used in many parts of the country as a breakfast food.

Lye hominy.—Lye hominy is made at home by many and also made commercially by boiling the grain in lye or potash until the germ will come out and then washing out the lye. In many places it may be bought in bulk, and is also sold canned. It may be dried for future use or canned at home.

All varieties of hominy are good nourishing food. Like wheat, rice, and other cereals they give both body fuel and body-building material at a comparatively low price. Let them have a larger place in your diet.

Author of "Blest Be the Tie."

The hymn known by its first line as "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" was written by Rev. Dr. John F. Weaver, an English Baptist preacher, who was born in 1770 and died in 1847. He was noted as a religious worker and wrote many other good hymns, but none so famous and popular as this one, which has been sung on many historical occasions as peculiarly expressive of Christian fellowship.

Eat Enough; No More.

The same standard, "Eat enough food, and no more," rightly followed, would reduce greatly food bills in many homes and, at the same time, tend to improve the physical condition of all members of the household, advises the United States department of agriculture. Some families take pride in serving lavish and overabundant meals, and over-generous service of food. This leads inevitably to waste of food on the table and is a temptation to overeating, which often impairs health and efficiency.

Cravath's Grudge Justified— Benny Kauff Pulled Down His Long Fifty-Dollar Fly

Gavvy Cravath holds a well-defined grudge against Benny Kauff of the New York Giants. When a fellow virtually reaches right in a ball player's pocket and extracts 50 simoleons therefrom, he's no friend of said ball player. Benny Kauff didn't do that exactly, but he might just as well have done it. The alleged misappropriation happened in Philadelphia, the other day. Cravath, some wallop when he gets hold of the ball, crashed the sphere to right center on this particular day and the ball was headed straight for a big sign. As is well known, the reward



G. Cravath.

for rapping this board is \$50. No one in the park thought Kauff had a chance to intercept the speeding sphere, but that is just what Benny did. He got under it, braced himself against the sign and stretched both arms far above his head. He caught the pellet an inch from the fence.

Fiber Containers May Take Place of the Tin Fruit Cans.

The annual report of the department of commerce sets forth the dire need of tin cans and the efforts the government is making to conserve them. During the early days of last summer's campaign for the preservation of perishable fruits and vegetables, government experts tested the possibility of utilizing force used tin cans, but investigation proved the advisability of abandoning this plan in favor of "decaning" process, whereby most of the steel and tin is recovered for further use in manufacture. The government is now persuading factory owners to substitute paper or fiber containers for all non-perishable articles heretofore put up in tin. This, it is expected, will to a certain extent offset the tin campaign shipped to the army in France. The balance of the loss will be made up by salvaging used cans—Jesh's.

Tons of Free Seed Sent by Government the Past Spring.

To a comparatively few of us has it ever occurred that the United States government is one of the world's largest layers of garden and flower seed. The few ounces of seed carried to us by the postman give no impression of the acres upon acres of land devoted to their propagation, or the care taken in determining their fitness for planting. But in so small envelopes represent tons of choice reds or pounds of the best seed procurable.

It is illuminating to know that the aggregate weight of the free seed distributed last Washington this spring amounted to 4,500 tons, or for the year of last year figures, 171,720 tons. Of this amount it is also interesting to know, corn seed predominated, 350,000 pounds of it being mailed to various sections of the country. Machines are used which automatically proportion the seed by weight, fill individual packages and seal them. Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Hanover Electrical Supply Co.,

(Successors to Stough & Lucas.)

HANOVER, PA.

We can save you money on electrical equipment be it

Wiring, Fixtures or Supplies.

The high prices of material need not discourage you from installing electricity for your comfort or convenience.

Do not fail to get our prices for we will
SAVE YOU MONEY.

Address: -42 Carlisle Street, Hanover, Pa.

Local Telephone 25-w.

1-4-18

The Hoffman Studio

Photographs of Quality.

Home Portrait, Studio, Flashlight and Commercial Work.

Family Groups in the Studio or at your home.

(anywhere, any time). Copying and Enlarging.

Kodak Finishing of the better kind. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

The home of Good Photographs.

HOFFMAN STUDIO.

113 Broadway,

6-20

Hanover, Pa.

FINE WATCH--CLOCK--JEWELRY REPAIRING.

C. H. HARTMAN,

HANOVER JEWELER

IN NEW OXFORD

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

FORMER P. O. ROOM—ON THE SQUARE,

Bring your work or leave message and we will call for it

Read "Over the Top," by an American Soldier who saw more actual fighting than any war correspondent.

FISCHER'S

FOR BOOKS,

STATIONERY & ENGRAVING

MEET ME AT FISCHER'S

21-23 Centre Sq., Hanover, Pa.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Salt, Potatoes and the Best Brands of Flour. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered free to any part of borough.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of LUMBER & COAL of all kinds which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Duttera, Jr.,

4-23

New Oxford, Pa.

Horses! Mules!

SATURDAY, JUNE 22D.



I will receive at my stables on East Chestnut Street, Hanover, one carload of Horses, and one carload of broke Mules, 3 to 8 years old. Come see them.

H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

GEO. A. MILLER,
PAPER HANGER
AND DECORATOR
Lincoln Way, East, - New Oxford, Pa.
All Kinds of Wall Hanging at Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Executor's Sale!

On Saturday, August 3, 1918.

The undersigned, surviving executor of the will of Lewis Long, deceased, late of Mt. Pleasant Township, Adams County, Pa., by virtue of authority given him by the will of said decedent, will offer at public sale, on the premises, the following described real estate:

NO. 1, THE HOME FARM situate in Mt. Pleasant Township, Adams County, Pa., on the road leading from the Lincoln Highway to Iristown, two miles southwest of New Oxford, adjoining lands of Morgan D. Rife, Joseph Beyenour, Nicholas Heltzel, Charles Diehl, and the Conewago Creek, and containing 72 Acres, 15 perches, more or less; Improved with a Weatherboarded House, a large Bank Barn, Large Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Hog Pen, and other out buildings. Land is well fenced and in an excellent state of cultivation. Large number of fruit trees, including peach, pear, cherry and 50 apple trees.

On Monday, August 5, 1918, will be sold on the premises:

NO. 2, A TRACT OF TIMBERLAND situate in Menallen Township, Adams County, Pa., on the road from Bendersville to Pine Grove, adjoining lands of Harvey Kump, H. L. Trexler, C. Sterner and the Joseph Klunk estate, containing 6 Acres, 229 Perches, more or less. This is covered with a thick growth of excellent heavy white Chestnut.

Sale of both tracts to commence on each premises at 2 P. M., when and where attendance will be given and terms made known by

ADAM LONG,

Surviving Executor.

G. R. Thompson, Auct. P. A. Miller, Clk.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. De pot and Center Square, New Oxford
G. F. GROVE, Proprietor.

Traveling Men's Headquarters Charges moderate. Choiceest wines liquors and cigars. House refreshment throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best market afford. Ample cooking.

Learn Typewriting AT HOME.

All Makes for sale or rent.

A Text Book on "Touch Typewriting" free with each machine.

EICHOLTZ, New Oxford.

Helps to Care for Marines.

Miss Beulah Armor has been in one of the American hospitals helping to nurse the United States Marines who were wounded in the recent heavy fighting. She tells of their wonderful courage and their eagerness to get back into line. In a letter dated June 16 and received at her home in Gettysburg, last week, she says: We have been very busy here up until yesterday and to day. It is the most pathetic thing to see these boys coming in, some of them shot almost to pieces. We have two operating teams here and the first few days after our arrival we were busy night and day. Now I am on duty from 12 noon until 12 midnight, so I will not have more than 12 hours duty. We have seven of our doctors, five nurses and four boys, in our two teams. One of the boys with us is George Snyder, from New Oxford, you know he is the boy with our unit. Our Marines certainly deserve all the praise and credit in the world for the way they are fighting and for their bravery. And they just won't give up; the majority of them will usually ask when they can get back to the trenches, when their wounds are perfectly terrible now. I do feel so sorry for the poor boys. Last night we had an air raid but it didn't do much damage, it just sort of keeps you under a nervous strain at the time being. I think the French are putting up very good fights in the air."

ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?—There are a great many people who would be very much benefited by taking Chamberlain's Tablets for a weak or disordered stomach. Are you one of them? Mrs. M. R. Searl, Baldwinsville, N. Y., relates her experience in the use of these tablets: "I had a bad spell with my stomach about six months ago, and was troubled for two or three weeks with gas and severe pains in the pit of my stomach. Our druggist advised me to take Chamberlain's Tablets. I took a bottle home and the first dose relieved me wonderfully, and I kept on taking them until I was cured." These tablets do not relieve pain, but after the pain has been relieved may prevent its recurrence.

H. J. Hartman, chairman of the Adams county draft board, on Tuesday took forty two registrants to Harrisburg for examination by the district advisory board of physicians at the Harrisburg hospital. All the men were originally in Class 5G but had been recalled for reclassification. Under the regulations doubtful cases have to go up to the district board which explains this large contingent, and it is likely that still larger ones will follow. The fact that all the men now being examined have some physical defect makes it especially difficult to determine their status. The Harrisburg examination, however, was not a long one, an average of less than three minutes being given to each man. The state draft board has fixed July 26 as the day for sending Adams county's next contingent of thirteen men.

DOING GOOD.—Few medicines have met with more favor or accomplished more good than Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy. John F. Jantzen, Delmeny, Sask., says of it, "I have used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy myself and in my family, and can recommend it as being an exceptionally fine preparation."

Mrs. Minnie Musselman, wife of John Musselman, Hanover, was taken seriously ill on Tuesday morning. Her mother, Mrs. Mary Shanabrook, was summoned and upon interrogating her daughter, the latter admitted having swallowed some deadly drug. By the prompt administration of sweet milk and other antidotes, the life of the young woman was saved. Whether the rash act was that of a mistake or with suicidal intent cannot definitely be determined. The latter is the prevailing opinion, owing probably to family trouble existing.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.—Now is the time to buy a bottle of this remedy so as to be prepared in case that any one of your family should have an attack of colic or diarrhoea during the summer months. It is worth a hundred times its cost when needed.

On Tuesday night thieves entered the premises of Charles Lucabaugh at Jacob's Station, York county, and stole all the meat of his last butchering. The meat was kept in the upstairs of the house and ingress must have been made by climbing the porch posts, as the family were at home taking their night rest at the time. There is no clue as to the perpetrators of the theft.

CAUSE OF DESPONDENCY.—Despondency is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and quickly disappears when Chamberlain's Tablets are taken. These tablets strengthen the digestion and move the bowels.

The old Frysinger property, near Mt. Washington, York county, was destroyed by fire early on Wednesday morning. The fire is believed to have started from a smoldering wad from an old army musket, which was used to shoot at a blacksnake coiled up in the house. Jacob Miller an old soldier, occupied the building but was absent when the fire occurred.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that he is the owner of one HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1918.
A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists. Be careful of the Family Pills for constipation.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

Specials For July.

Ladies' white and colored dresses, \$5.00 to \$10.

Percal wrappers and house dresses, big selection.

Cotton voile shirt waists, 98c to \$1.50.

Silk and georgette crepe shirt waists, \$1.19 to \$6.98.

Duster auto coats, hats and caps, 50c to \$2. Plain and striped silk dress skirts. Big selection middies, 3 in 1 and plain colors. White and colored striped wash skirts, at all prices.

Girls' wash dresses, big variety.

Light weight coats and coat suits at low prices.

Plain and plaid voiles, 25c to 50c.

Special values in white bed spreads at \$1.50.

Special value in bleached bed sheets.

Home-spun linen toweling at 50c

Plaid and plain silks, big selection of the very newest.

75c silk hose in colors at 69c

Plain and fancy hair ribbons.

Ladies' neckwear of the newest creations.

Ladies' hand bags and purses of all sorts.

Children's Red Star, also Jack and Jill hose.

Ladies' muslin underwear of all sorts.

9x12 Congolium rugs, 9x12 rugs in Brussels, grass rugs, crex, straw matting and ingrain rugs.

Oil window shades, all colors.

Remnants in straw matting at big reductions

Rag carpets, a big selection.

All width linoleum—1 to 4 yards wide.

Porch shades.

Lace curtains, stretchers.

Hassocks and carpet sweepers.

33 Baltimore Street, Hanover, Pa.

Brown Surety Stamps on all cash purchases.

Local 'phone 77-X.

Bell 'phone 77-R.

Public Sale! of Real Estate.

On Saturday, August 3, 1918,
at 1 o'clock p. m.

The undersigned Executor of the Will of Louisa Keffer, deceased, by virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., will sell at public sale on the premises, the following described three tracts of real estate in the Borough of McSherrystown, Adams County, Pa.

TRACT NO. 1

Fronting 35 feet on the road leading from Hanover to New Oxford and running back to a depth of 163 3/4 feet, more or less, improved with a Two Story Frame Slate Roofed Dwelling, and Two Story Framed Slate Roofed Dwelling House attached, said tract adjoins lands of Mrs. Hombach.

TRACT NO. 2

Fronting 45 feet on Sixth Street, in the Borough of McSherrystown, and running back to a depth of 150 feet, more or less; Improved with a Two Story Shingle Roofed Frame Dwelling and Two Story Metal Roofed Dwelling House attached; said tract adjoining land of Joseph Eline.

TRACT NO. 3

Fronting 24 feet on Sixth Street in the Borough of McSherrystown, and running back to a depth of 150 feet, more or less; improved with a Two Story Slate Roofed Frame Dwelling and One Story Metal Roofed Frame Dwelling House attached; said tract adjoins lands of Joseph Eline.

The terms and conditions governing the sale of said real estate are as follows: Twenty-five (25) per cent. of the purchase price to be paid in cash on day of sale and the balance on October 1, 1918, when deed and possession will be given.

C. F. KEFFER,

Executor of the Estate of Louisa Keffer, deceased.

T. K. Wierman, Auct.

Adjourned Public Sale

Of Valuable Real Estate.

ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1918.

The undersigned, Assignee for the benefit of creditors of Elmer E. Freed, individually and as surviving partner of the partnership firm of Freed & Wolf, by virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of York County, Pa., will offer at public sale, on the premises, the following described tract of land to wit:

All that certain farm containing 208 acres and 14 perches, neat measure; situate in Straban Township, Adams County, Pa., fronting on the Carlisle Road, adjoining lands now or formerly of James Millhimes, Harry Zepp, George Weaver, W. D. Taughinbaugh, George Raffensperger and others. The improvements consist of a new Dwelling House constructed of artificial stone blocks; large Bank Barn and all necessary out-buildings. There is running water at the house and barn, and the land is in a high state of cultivation, running water in almost every field.

Terms: Cash or note with approved security payable September 3, 1918.

Further terms and conditions will be made known at the time of sale.

Sale to begin at 2:30 p. m.

ERNEST A. ARMSTRONG,

FELIX S. BENTZEL,

Assignees.

Donald H. Yost, Attorney.

W. S. Owen & Bros., Auctioneers.

W. P. STONER

HANOVER, PA.

Guide To Homeseekers and Investors of Land.

* Specialist In *

Real Estate, Insurance, Stocks, Bonds and Investments.

We can sell your farm, property, or lots, and can give you a business proposition no matter where you live.

If you cannot call at our office 'phone or write your wants.

The medium in which we exercise will make and save you money

See our list of offerings at office Corner West Chestnut and Franklin Streets, Hanover. Both 'phones.

Everything That an Automobilst Needs.

Our Tires Are the Best.

Our Accessories Will Please You.

Our Gasoline is Pure and the Price is Right.

Our Repair Department Gives Satisfaction.

All Parts of Ford Cars Constantly on Hand.

Car Storage a Specialty. TRY US

NEW OXFORD GARAGE,

R. M. WOLF, Proprietor,

Rear Lincoln Way, West. Bell 'Phone 3-R4. Night Call 31-R4.

Coach Repairing.

WHEELS RE-TIRED.

I am prepared to do all kinds of coach repairing as well as build new work to order. Replacing of New Rubber Tires and other wheel work a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ALEX. BYER,
Berlin Ave., adjoining Taughinbaugh's Stable, New Oxford. 3-18

NOTICE TO FARMERS!

The proprietors of the New Chester Flouring Mill (known as the Holtz mill) desire to inform the public that they will purchase all kinds of

GOOD GRAIN!

also have for sale at all times

High Grade Flour,

and All Kinds of Mill Feed

at bottom prices. Give us a trial

and be convinced that we give

you square treatment.

Also handle fertilizers and

grass seeds.

D. H. SHARRER & SONS,

17-1 Route 4, New Oxford.

Groceries.

We Carry the MOST COMPLETE LINE of Groceries In Town.

Our Stock is Replenished Fresh Daily.

We Guarantee That You Will Come Again if You Give Us a Call.

Our Customers Are Our BEST ADVERTISERS.

J. F. Rickrode,
Centre Square, New Oxford

If you want the news subscribe for and read THE ITEM.

Mary V. Cowan, the woman charged with robbing P. M. Miehler, of Gettysburg, on a trolley car, recently, enroute to Hagerstown, was on Wednesday in that city held by Justice Bitner in \$500 bail for court. She was unable to furnish bail and went to jail.

Hanover, Pa.

A detailed black and white illustration of a large, ornate wooden cabinet or desk. The piece features a high, curved back panel with a decorative, possibly carved or painted, pattern. The front of the cabinet has a wide, flat top surface. Below this surface, there are three large, ornate drawers or compartments, each with a decorative front panel. The cabinet is supported by four curved, decorative legs. To the right of the main cabinet, there is a smaller, cylindrical object, possibly a container or a small chest, also with a decorative front. The overall style is reminiscent of 19th-century furniture design.



Monday, June 3, 1918.

The undersigned will receive one carload of Ohio and Kentucky Horses, workers and drivers—for sale or exchange. Call and see them. Also carload of mules. Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern market.

H. W. PARR, Hanover, Pa.

LONG LIVE THE KING

By Mary
Roberts Rinehart

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ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Copyright, 1917, by Mary Roberts Rinehart

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Bobby," said his mother, with a catch in her voice, "haven't you something to suggest—as a toast?"

Bobby's eyes were on the cake; he came back with difficulty.

"Well," he meditated, "I guess—would 'home' be all right?"

"Home!" they all said, a little shakily, and drank to it.

Home! To the Thorpes, a little house on a shady street in America; to the Fraulein, a thatched cottage in the mountains of Germany and an old mother; to Pepy, the room in a tenement where she went at night; to Ferdinand William Otto, a formal suite of apartments in the palace, surrounded by pomp, ordered by rule and precedent, hardened by military discipline, and unsoftened by family love, save for the grim affection of the old king.

After all, Pepy's plan went astray, for the Fraulein got the china baby, and Ferdinand William Otto the Lincoln penny.

"That," said Bobby's father, "is a Lincoln penny, young man. It bears



"A Long Life, Full of Many Sorrows."

the portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Have you ever heard of him?"

The prince looked up. Did he not know the "Gettysburg address" by heart?

"Yes, sir," he said. "The—my grandfather thinks that President Lincoln was a very great man."

"One of the world's greatest. I hardly thought, over here—" Mr. Thorpe paused and looked speculatively at the boy. "You'd better keep that penny where you won't lose it," he said soberly. "It doesn't hurt us to try to be good. If you're in trouble, think of the difficulties Abraham Lincoln surmounted. If you want to be great, think how great he was." He was a trifle ashamed of his own earnestness. "All that for a penny, young man!"

The festivities were taking a serious turn. There was a little packet at each plate, and now Bobby's mother reached over and opened hers.

"Oh!" she said, and exhibited a gaudy tissue paper bonnet. Everybody had one. Mr. Thorpe's was a dunce's cap, and Fraulein's a giddy Pierrette of black and white. Bobby had a military cap. With eager fingers Ferdinand William Otto opened his; he had never tasted this delicious paper cap before.

It was a crown, a sturdy bit of gold paper, cut into points and set with red paste jewels—a gem of a crown. He was charmed. He put it on his head, with the unconsciousness of childhood, and posed delightedly.

The Fraulein looked at Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and slowly the color left her lean face. She stared. It was he, then, and none other. Stupid, not to have known at the beginning! He, the crown prince, here in the home of these barbarous Americans, when, by every plan that had been made, he should now be in the hands of those who would dispose of him!

"I give you," said Mr. Thorpe, raising his glass toward his wife, "the giver of the feast. Boys, up with you!"

It was then that the Fraulein, making an excuse, slipped out of the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The King is Dead.

Now at last the old king's hour had come. Mostly he slept, as though his body, eager for its long rest, had already given up the struggle. Stimulants, given by his devoted physician, had no effect. Other physicians there were, a group of them, but it was Doc-

tor Weiderman who stood by the bed and waited.

Father Gregory, his friend of many years, had come again from Etzel, and it was he who had administered the sacrament. The king had roused for it, and had smiled at the father.

"So!" he said, almost in a whisper, "you would send me clean! It is hard to scour an old kettle."

Doctor Weiderman bent over the bed. "Majesty," he implored, "if there is anything we can do to make you comfortable—"

"Give me Hubert's picture," said the king. When his fingers refused to hold it, Annunciata came forward swiftly and held it before him. But his heavy eyes closed. With more intuition than might have been expected of her, the archduchess laid it on the white coverlet, and placed her father's hand on it.

The two sisters of mercy stood beside the bed, and looked down at the quiet figure.

"I should wish to die so," whispered the elder. "A long life, filled with many deeds, and then to sleep away!"

"A long life, full of many sorrows!" observed the younger one, her eyes full of tears. "He has outlived all that he loved."

"Except the little Otto."

Their glances met, for even here there was a question.

As if their thought had penetrated the haze which is, perhaps, the mist that hides from us the gates of heaven, the old king opened his eyes.

"Otto!" he said. "I—wish—"

Annunciata bent over him. "He is coming, father," she told him, with white lips.

She slipped to her knees beside the bed, and looked up to Doctor Weiderman with appealing eyes.

"I am afraid," she whispered. "Can you not—?"

He shook his head. She had asked a question in her glance, and he had answered. The crown prince was gone. Perhaps the search would be successful. Could he not be held, then, until the boy was found? And Doctor Weiderman had answered "No."

In the antechamber the council waited, standing and without speech. But in an armchair beside the door to the king's room the chancellor sat, his face buried in his hands. In spite of precautions, in spite of everything, the blow had fallen. The crown prince, to him at once son and sovereign, the little crown prince, was gone. And his old friend, his comrade of many years, lay at his last hour.

Now he waited for the king's death. Waited numbly. For, with the tolling of St. Stefan's bell would rise the cry for the new king.

And there was no king.

In the little room where the sisters kept their medicines, so useless now, Hedwig knelt at the prie-dieu and prayed.

The king roused again. "Mettlich?" he asked.

The elder sister tiptoed to the door and opened it. The council turned, dread on their faces. She placed a hand on the chancellor's shoulder.

"His majesty has asked for you."

When he looked up, dazed, she bent down and took his hand.

"Courage!" she said quietly.

The chancellor stood a second inside the door. Then he went to the side of the bed, and knelt, his lips to the cold, white hand on the counterpane.

"Sire!" he choked. "It is I—Mettlich."

The king looked at him, and placed his hand on the bowed gray head. Then his eyes turned to Annunciata and rested there. It was as if he saw her, not as the embittered woman of late years, but as the child of the woman he had loved.

"A good friend, and a good daughter," he said clearly. "Few men die so fortunate, and fewer sovereigns." His hand moved from Mettlich's head, and rested on the photograph.

The elder sister leaned forward and touched his wrist. "Doctor!" she said sharply.

Doctor Weiderman came first, the others following. They grouped around the bed. Then the oldest of them, who had brought Annunciata into the world, touched her on the shoulder.

"Madame!" he said. "Madame, I—his majesty has passed away."

Mettlich staggered to his feet, and took a long look at the face of his old sovereign and king.

In the meantime, things had been happening in the room where the council waited. The council free of the restraint of the chancellor's presence, had fallen into low-voiced consultation. What was to be done?

They knew already the rumors of the streets, and were helpless before them. They had done what they could. But the boy was gone, and the city rising. Already the garrison of the fortress had been ordered to the palace, but it could not arrive before midnight.

Friese had questioned the wisdom of it, at that, and was for flight as soon as the king died. Bayerl, on the other hand, urged a stand, in the hope that the crown prince would be found.

Their voices, lowered at first, rose

acrimoniously; almost they penetrated to the silent room beyond. On to the discussion came Nikky Larisch, covered with dust and spotted with froth from his horse. He entered without ceremony, his boyish face drawn and white, his cap gone, his eyes staring.

"The chancellor?" he said.

Some one pointed to the room beyond.

Nikky hesitated. Then, being young and dramatic, even in tragedy, he unbuckled his sword belt and took it off, placing it on a table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have come to surrender myself."

The council stared.

"For what reason?" demanded Marschall coldly.

"I believe it is called high treason."

He closed his eyes for a moment. "It is because of my negligence that this thing has happened. He was in my charge, and I left him."

No one said anything. The council looked at a loss, rather like a flock of sheep confronting some strange animal.

"I would have shot myself," said Nikky Larisch, "but it was too easy."

Then, rather at a loss as to the exact etiquette of arresting one's self, he bowed slightly and waited.

The door into the king's bedchamber opened. The chancellor came through, his face working. It closed behind him.

"Gentlemen of the council," he said. "It is my duty—my duty—to announce—"

His voice broke; his grizzled chin quivered; tears rolled down his cheeks. "Friends," he said pitifully, "our good king—my old comrade—is dead!"

The birthday supper was over. It had ended with an American ice cream, brought in carefully by Pepy, because of its expensiveness. They had cut the cake with "Bobby" on the top, and the crown prince had eaten far more than was good for him.

He sat, fingering the Lincoln penny and feeling extremely full and very contented.

Then, suddenly, from a far off church a deep-toned bell began to toll slowly.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto caught it. St. Stefan's bell! He sat up and listened. The sound was faint; one felt it rather than heard it, but the slow booming was unmistakable. He got up and pushed his chair back.

Other bells had taken it up, and now the whole city seemed alive with bells—bells that swung sadly from side to side, as if they said over and over: "Alas, alas!"

Something like panic seized Ferdinand William Otto. Some calamity had happened. Some one was—perhaps his grandfather.

He turned an appealing face to Mrs. Thorpe. "I must go," he said. "I do not wish to appear rude, but something is wrong. The bells—"

Pepy had been listening, too. Her broad face worked. "They mean one



It Rang Out, Slow, Ominous, Terrible.

thing," she said slowly. "I have heard it said many times. When St. Stefan's tolls like that, the king is dead!"

"No! No!" cried Ferdinand William Otto and ran madly out of the door.

White the birthday supper was at its height, in the bureau of the concierge sat old Adelbert, heavy and despairing. That very day had he learned to what use the committee would put the information he had given them, and his old heart was dead within him. One may not be loyal for seventy years, and then easily become a traitor.

Then, at seven o'clock, something happened.

The concierge's niece had gone,

leaving the supper ready cooked on the back of the stove. Old Adelbert sat alone, and watched the red bars of the stove fade to black. By that time it was done, and he was of the damned. The crown prince, who was of an age with the American lad upstairs, the crown prince was in the hands of his enemies. He, old Adelbert, had done it.

And now it was forever too late. Terrible thoughts filled his mind. He could not live thus, yet he could not die. The daughter must have the pension. He must live, a traitor, he on whose breast the king himself had pinned a decoration.

He wore his new uniform, in honor of the day. Suddenly he felt that he could not wear it any longer. He had no right to any uniform. He who had sold his country was of no country.

He went slowly out and up the staircase, dragging his wooden leg painfully from step to step. He heard the concierge come in below, his heavy footsteps re-echoed through the building. Inside the door he called furiously to his niece. Old Adelbert heard him strike a match to light the gas.

In his room he sat down on a straight chair inside the door, and stared ahead. Then, slowly and mechanically, he took off his new uniform and donned the old one. He would have put on civilian clothes, had he possessed any. For by the deeds of that day he had forfeited the right to the king's garb.

It was there that Black Humbert, hurrying up, found him. The concierge was livid, his massive frame shook with excitement.

"Quick!" he said, and swore a great oath. "To the shop of the cobbler Heinz, and tell him this word. Here in the building is the boy."

"What boy?"

The concierge closed a great hand on the veteran's shoulder. "Who but the crown prince himself!" he said.

"But I thought—how can he be here?"

"Here is he, in our very hands. It is no time to ask questions."

"If he is here—"

"He is with the Americans," hissed the concierge, the veins on his forehead swollen with excitement. "Now, go, and quickly. I shall watch. Say that when I have secured the lad, I shall take him there. Let all be ready. An hour ago," he said, raising his great fists on high, "and everything lost. Now—hurry, old wooden leg. It is a great night."

"But I cannot. Already I have done too much. I am damned. I have lost my soul. I who am soon to die—"

"You will go."

And, at last, he went, hobbling down the staircase recklessly, because the looming figure at the stairhead was listening. He reached the street.

There, only a block away, was the cobbler's shop, lighted, but with the dirty curtains drawn across the window.

Old Adelbert gazed at it. Then he commended his soul to God, and turned toward the palace. Before it were packed dense throngs of silent people. Now and then a man put down a box, and rising on it, addressed the crowd, attempting to rouse them. Each time angry hands pulled him down, and hisses greeted him as he slunk away.

Had old Adelbert been alive to anything but his mission, he would have seen that this was no mob of revolutionists, but a throng of grieving people, awaiting the great bell of St. Stefan's with its dire-news.

Then, above their heads, it rang out, slow, ominous, terrible. A siren ran through the crowd. In groups, and at last as a whole, the throng knelt. Men uncovered and women wept.

The bell rang on. At its first notes old Adelbert stopped, staggered, almost fell. Then he uncovered his head.

"Gone!" he said. "The old king! My old king!"

His face twitched. But the horror behind him drove him on through the kneeling crowd. Where it refused to yield, he drove the iron point of his wooden leg into yielding flesh, and so made his way. Some one raised a cry and others took it up.

"The king!" they cried. "Show us the little king!"

But the balcony outside the dead king's apartments remained empty. The curtains at the long windows were drawn, save at one, opened for air. The breeze shook its curtains to and fro, but, no small, childish figure emerged. The cries kept up, but there was a snarl in the note now.

"The king! Long live the king! Where is he?"

A man in a red costume, near old Adelbert, leaped on a box and lighted a flaming torch. "Aye!" he yelled, "and for the little king. Where is he? What have they done with him?"

Old Adelbert pushed on. The voice of the revolutionist died behind him, in a chorus of fury. From nowhere, apparently, came lighted box banners proclaiming the chancellor's treason, and demanding a republic. Some of them instructed the people to gather around the parliament where, it was stated, leading citizens were already forming a republic. Some, more violent, suggested an advance on the palace.

The crowd at first ignored them, but

as time went on, it grew ugly. By all precedent, the new king should be now before them. What, then, if this rumor was true? Where was the little king?

Revolution, now, in the making. A flame ready to blaze. Hastily, on the outskirts of the throne, a delegation formed to visit the palace, and learn the truth.

Drums were now beating steadily, filling the air with their throbbing, almost drowning out the solemn tolling of the bell. Around them were rally-



"Make—Haste," He Said, and Slid Stiffly to the Ground.

ing angry groups. As the groups grew large, each drum led its followers toward the government house, where, on the steps, the revolutionary party harangued the crowd. Bonfires sprang up, built of no one knew what, in the public squares. Red fire burned. The drums throbbed.

The city had not yet risen. It was large and slow to move. Slow, too, to believe in treason, or that it had no king. But it was a matter of moments now, not of hours.

The noise penetrated into the very wards of the hospital. Red fires bathed pale faces on their pillows in a feverish glow. Nurses gathered at the windows, their uniforms and faces alike scarlet in the glare, and whispered together.

One such group gathered near the bedside of the student Haeckel, still in his lethargy. His body had gained strength, so that he was clothed at times, to wander aimlessly about the ward. But he had remained dazed. Now and then the curtain of the past lifted, but for a moment only. He had forgotten his name. He spent long hours struggling to pierce the mist.

But mostly he lay, or sat, as now, beside his bed, a bandage still on his head, clad in shirt and trousers, bare feet thrust into worn hospital slippers. The red glare had not roused him, nor yet the beat of the drums. But a word or two that one of the nurses spoke caught his ear and held him. He looked up, and slowly rose to his feet. Unsteadily he made his way to a window, holding to the sill to steady himself.

Old Adelbert had been working his way impatiently. The temper of the mob was growing ugly. It was suspicious, frightened, potentially dangerous. The cry of "To the palace!" greeted his ears as he finally emerged breathless from the throng.

He stepped boldly to the old stone archway, and faced a line of soldiers there. "I would see the chancellor!" he gasped, and saluted.

The captain of the guard stepped out. "What is it you want?" he demanded.

"The chancellor," he lowered his voice. "I have news of the crown prince."

Magic words, indeed. Doors opened swiftly before them. But time was flying, too. In his confusion the old man had only one thought, to reach the chancellor. It would have been better to have told his news at once. The clanking of stairs takes time when one is old and fatigued, and has but one job.

However, at last it was done, and old Adelbert stamped to the door of the room where the council sat debating and the chancellor paced the floor.

Small ceremony now. Led by soldiers, who retired and left him to enter alone, old Adelbert stumbled into the room. He was out of breath and dizzy; his heart beat to suffocation. There was not air enough in all the world to breathe. He clutched at the velvet hangings of the door, and swayed, but he saw the chancellor.

"The crown prince," he said thickly, "is at the home of the Americans."

He stared about him. Strange that the room should suddenly be filled with a mist. "But there he those—who wait—there—to capture him."

He caught desperately at the curtains, with their royal arms embroidered in blue and gold. Shameful, in such company, to stagger so!

"Make—haste," he said, and slid stiffly to the ground. He lay without moving.

The council roused then. Mettlich was the first to get to him. But it was too late.

Old Adelbert had followed the mist to the gates it concealed. More than that, sham traitor that he was, he had followed his king.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the Road of the Good Children.

Haeckel crept to a window and looked out. Bonfires were springing up in the open square in front of the government house. Mixed with the red glare came leaping yellow flames. The wooden benches were piled together and fired, and by each such pyre stood a gesticulating, shouting red demon.

Guns were appearing now. Wagons loaded with them drove into the square, to be surrounded by a howling mob. The percentage of sober citizens was growing—sober citizens no longer. For the little king had not been shown to them. Obviously he could not be shown to them. Therefore rumor was right, and the boy was gone.

Against the palace, therefore, their rage was turned. The shouts for the little king turned to threats. The archbishop had come out on the balcony accompanied by Father Gregory. The archbishop had raised his hands but had not obtained silence. Instead to his horror and dismay, a few stones had been thrown.

He retired, breathing hard. But Father Gregory had remained, facing the crowd fearlessly, his arms not raised in benediction, but folded across his chest. Stones rattled about him, but he did not flinch, and at last he gained the ears of the crowd. His great voice, stern and fearless, held them.

"My friends," he said, "there is work to be done, and you lose time. We cannot show you the king, because he is not here. While you stand there shrieking, his enemies have their will of him. The little king has been stolen from the palace."

He might have swayed them, even then. He tried to move them to a search of the city. But a pallid man, sweating with excitement, climbed on the shoulders of two companions, and faced the crowd.

"Aye, he is stolen," he cried. "But who stole him? Not the city. We are loyal. Ask the palace where he is. Ask those who have allied themselves with Karna. Ask Mettlich."

There was more, of course. The cries of "To the palace!" increased. Those behind pushed forward, showing the ones ahead toward the archway, where a line of soldiers with fixed bayonets stood waiting.

The archduchess and Hilda with a handful of women, had fled to the roof, and from there saw the advance of the mob. Hedwig had haughtily refused to go.

At the hospital, Haeckel, the student, stood by his window, and little by little the veil lifted. His slow blood stirred first. The beating of drums, the shrieks of the crowd, the fires, all played their part. Another patient joined him, and together they looked out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Warship Repairs.

Over and above the great activity of the British yards in building new warships, particularly destroyers, and the construction of merchant ships, an enormous amount of time and labor has to be devoted to repairs. In a recent speech Sir Eric Geddes said: "During one month the number of war vessels which needed repairs was nearly 1,000—that is, in addition to the 1,100 merchant ships—and that was by no means an abnormal month. Since the beginning of the war 31,000 war vessels, including patrol craft and mine sweepers, have been docked or placed on the ways, and these figures do not include repair work done to the vessels of our allies."

Add to this the arming of the vast fleet of British merchant vessels, and we have some conception of the enormous task of shipbuilding, equipping and repairing carried on by the British admiralty.

Silos in New South Wales.

Recently the New South Wales government department of agriculture announced that funds would be provided for assisting farmers in the erection of silos and numerous inquiries have been received, especially from dairy farmers. Many of the applicants have signified their willingness to pay much larger deposits than was anticipated. Owing to the abundance of rainfall in many districts silos will greatly benefit dairy farmers by enabling them to conserve the fodder harvested during the rainy season.

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Administratrix's Notice.

ESTATE OF Z. H. CASHMAN, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration have been granted by the Register of Wills of Adams County unto the undersigned, Lottie P. Cashman, administratrix of the estate of said deceased. All persons having claims or demands against the estate of said deceased are requested to make known the same and all persons indebted to said deceased are requested to make payment to the undersigned without delay.
LOTTIE P. CASHMAN,
Administratrix, d. b. n. c. t. a.,
New Oxford, Adams County, Pa.
Or her attorney, John D. Keith, Esq.,
First National Bank Bldg., Gettysburg, Pa.

Administratrix's Notice.

ESTATE OF REBECCA CASHMAN, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration have been granted by the Register of Wills of Adams County unto the undersigned, Lottie P. Cashman, administratrix of the estate of said deceased. All persons having claims or demands against the estate of said deceased are requested to make known the same and all persons indebted to said deceased are requested to make payment to the undersigned without delay.
LOTTIE P. CASHMAN, Administratrix,
New Oxford, Adams County, Pa.
Or her attorney, John D. Keith, Esq.,
First National Bank Bldg., Gettysburg, Pa.

Executrix's Notice.

ESTATE OF BENJAMIN F. EICHLITZ, late of New Oxford Borough, Adams County, Pa., deceased.
Letters testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned.
ANNA A. EICHLITZ, New Oxford, Pa.
ALVINE E. EICHLITZ, Gettysburg, Pa., Executors.
Wm. Hersh Atty., Gettysburg, Pa. 6-7

Assignee's Notice.

ASSIGNED ESTATE OF WM. J. MILLER, of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Pa.
Notice is hereby given that Wm. J. Miller and wife have made a general assignment of all his property and estate, in trust, for the benefit of creditors, to the undersigned, by deed dated July 12, 1918. All persons are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present same without delay, to
CURTIS E. DIEHL,
THEO. E. WARNER,
New Oxford, Pa.
Assignees.
Or William Hersh, Attorney, Gettysburg.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice to the public not to sell anything to my husband, John S. Sanders, in my name, as I will not be responsible for debts or bills contracted by him.
MRS. ANNA M. SANDERS,
711 New Oxford, Pa.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

Farmers & Merchants Bank,
of New Oxford Centre Square, Adams County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business June 29, 1918.

RESOURCES.

Reserve Fund:	
Cash, specie and notes	\$ 9,820.00
Due from Approved Reserve	2,338,843.07
Assets:	
Receivables and notes	\$ 48,673.07
Checks and cash items	182.75
Due from banks, trust co., etc., excluding reserve	2,032.57
Receivables	920.85
Bills discounted: Upon one name	920.85
On two or more names	170,963.08
Time loans with collateral	28,757.00
Bonds, stocks, etc.	22,951.50
Mortgages and judgments of record	41,200.00
Office building and lot	13,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	2,690.33
Total	\$532,238.68

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus fund	50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	13,337.70
Demand deposits:	
Individual deposits subject to check	\$122,663.43
Savings fund deposits	\$ 1,430.70
Time Deposits:	
Time Certificate of Deposit	\$361,147.78
Due to Banks and Trust Co., etc., not reserve	3,017.98
Dividends unpaid	2,000.00
Bills payable on time	25,000.00
Total	\$532,238.68

State of Pennsylvania, County of Adams, ss.:
I, Jas. W. Barnitz, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
JAS. W. BARNITZ, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1918.
R. M. STRALEY, J. P.
Commission expires Jan. 2, 1922.
Correct—Attest:
GEORGE MECKLEY,
S. MILEY MILLER,
W. H. STOCK, Directors

The Farmers' Exchange

(WEAVER'S WAREHOUSE)
HANOVER ST., BELL PHONE.
—DEALERS IN—

Grain, Hay,
Flour, Feed.
Lumber, - Coal, - Fertilizers.
Farmers' Supplies.

Automobile Tires
and Accessories.
GRAIN MARKETS.

No. 1 New Dry Wheat	\$2 20
No. 1 Sprouted Wheat	1 50
New Rye	1 25
New Dry Oats	75
Shelled Corn	1 70

Will not receive wet or damp grain.

Best place to buy --- Best place to sell.
The Right Service Guaranteed.

THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

When a runaway freight train of seventy-three cars ran into a passenger train just pulling into Allentown, Howard Marks, of Pine Grove Furnace, met death Tuesday. He was a flagman on the passenger train and when he saw the freight he jumped but too late to escape. The two trains crashed together, and as a result, twenty-eight cars are a complete wreck and the locomotives are lying on the side of an embankment.

Charles W. Garrett, of Hanover, had his right arm broken and a gash cut in the side of his head when thrown from his bicycle in a collision with an auto on Friday. Garrett was on his way to work at the shoe factory at noon and he collided with the car of H. W. Parr. Garrett was thrown from his wheel onto the hood of the auto.

William H. Ness, son of Charles Ness, residing near Dallastown, had one of his legs broken, when the auto in which he was riding was thrown over an embankment near Jacobs, about 8 o'clock Sunday evening.

LARGE PUBLIC SALE!

On Saturday, August 3, 1918.

The undersigned, intending to quit farming and housekeeping will sell at public sale at his residence in Hamilton township, 1 mile north-east of New Oxford, along the road leading from New Oxford to Carlisle pike, the following personal property:

Two Fine Horses

No. 1, Roan Mare, 14 years old, works wherever hitched, and a fine driver; No. 2, Black Horse, 8 years old, works anywhere. One Cow, carrying 4th calf, a heavy milkster. Four Fine Shouts.

Farming Implements.

Two-horse Acme wagon and bed, 2-ton capacity, good as new; 2 buggies, 1 brand new; top spring wagon, sleigh, Walter A. Wood mower, good as new; Penna. low-down grain drill, H. & D. corn worker, 1 corn planter, 2 No. 10 Mountville plows; 15-tooth Osborne lever harrow, 17-tooth Perry harrow, hand roller, hay rake, spider plow, double and single shovel plows, Shriner gram fan, cutting box, corn sheller, manure plank, 15-ft. hay ladders, automatic wagon jack, grindstone, grain cradle, 2 set of double ladders, single, double and triple trees, spreader, breast, cow and log chains, digging iron, shovels, cross-cut saw, one-man saw, wood saw, maul and wedges, forks, work bench, 1 blacksmith vice, peck, 1/2-in. and bushel measures, lot of carpenter tools, hog hangers, corn by the bushel, set of front gears fly-nets, 2 sets of buggy harness, saddle, collars, bridles, check and plow lines, halters, tie rope, lead rein, mason hammers, trowels, steelyards, sledge and napping hammers, etc.

Household Goods.

Cook stove and pipe, double heater and pipe, good as new; egg stove, 1 chamber suit, bedstead and bed clothes, cot, patent coverlet bureau, 4 stands, 2 with marble tops; Waterloo organ, buffet, sideboard, 3 sinks, 8-ft. extension table, cherry leaf table, 1 walnut table, wood box, 1 sewing machine, 5 kitchen chairs, 9 cane seat chairs, 1 dozen plank seat chairs, 6 rockers, window shades and lace curtains, clocks, mirrors, pictures, lamps, hanging lamp, clothes rack, 100 yards of carpet by the yard, linoleum, lounge, flour chest, benches, ice cream freezer, dough tray, 1 wash boiler, ironing board, stone jars and crocks, lot of canned fruit, glass jars, pots and pans, milk buckets, large copper kettle, 2 brass kettles, screen doors and windows, quilting frame, lot of brooms, shot gun and rifle, knives, forks and spoons, glass and queensware, washing machine, tubs, lawn mower, cider barrels, set of silver knives and forks, No. 2 American cream separator, 550-lb. capacity, good as new; meat benches, full set of butchering tools, 2 iron kettles and rings, 7 cords of sawed wood, butter churn and tub, lot of home-made soap, and many articles not mentioned.

Sale to begin at 12 o'clock sharp. Six months credit will be given, or 3 percent off for cash. Further terms at sale by

HENRY E. EMLET.

A. Roth, Auctioneer, Chronister, Clerk.
At the same time and place the subscriber will sell: 1 buggy, Portland cutter, 1 set of buggy harness, set of front gears, collar, bridles, riding saddle and bridle, halter, string of bells, tie rope, whip, all in good condition; harness closet, Edison Phonograph with 60 records, in good order; 10 yards of good carpet, etc.

ERVIN F. EMLET.

Public Sale!

of Valuable Farm.

On Saturday, August 10, 1918

The undersigned, Executor of the estate of John Gulden late of the City of York, dec'd., will offer at public sale the following real estate:

No. 1.—A Farm in Mt. Pleasant Township, Adams County, fronting on public road leading from Kohler's school house to Johns' Mill, about 2 miles from New Oxford, adjoining lands of Wm. H. Stock, Harvey Flickinger, Oscar Griffin, H. A. Weikert, Little Conowago Creek and formerly Pins Will farm, containing 72 Acres and 103 Perches, more or less; improved with a 1 1/2 story stone dwelling house, summer house, bank barn, wagon shed, hog pen, spring house, good spring of water with running water in barn yard and good well at house.

No. 2.—A tract of unimproved farm land in same Township, adjoining lands of Nicholas Wagner, H. A. Weikert and the public road from Kohler's school house to Johns' Mill, containing 4 Acres and 120 Perches more or less.

Sale to commence on No. 1 at 1:30 P. M., when terms and conditions will be made known by

HENRY GULDEN, Executor,
Wm. Ensor, Auctioneer, New Oxford, Pa.
J. L. Williams, Atty., Gettysburg, Pa.

Breaks Both Legs Second Time

John, the 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Berkheimer, of Hanover, who eight weeks ago, was struck by an automobile and had both legs broken between the knee and thigh, met with another mishap on Saturday. The boy's condition was such that he was able to walk on crutches. On Saturday afternoon, about 5 o'clock the boy was given a bath and dressed, and in the attempt to walk on his crutches, he slipped and fell to the floor, breaking both legs at the same place of the former accident.

Money For County Roads.

Harrisburg, July 12.—Adams County has 1000 miles of township roads. Last year the State appropriated \$1,873,470.40 to pay back to the townships of Pennsylvania all the cash road tax bonus due for the years 1910, 1911 and 1912. Last year all the 1910 and 1912 money was available. Today the following sums were announced to be paid to Adams County this year: Berwick, \$126.43; Butler, \$106.19; Conowingo, \$343.74; Cumberland, \$818.48; Franklin, \$775.71; Freedom, \$279.92; Hamilton, \$428.45; Hamiltonban, \$809.19; Highland, \$347.40; Huntington, \$864.35; Latimore, \$693.04; Liberty, \$440.31; Menallen, \$1,005.74; Mt. Joy, \$503.36; Mt. Pleasant, \$760.80; Oxford, \$452.00; Reading, \$843.93; Strasburg, \$413.32; Union, \$192.34. Total, \$11,928.04.

Have to Use Sugar Cards.

The Price Fixing Committee of the Adams County Food Administration, in addition to arranging the schedule for the present week, took up the proposition of installing the sugar card system and starting on last Friday all dealers were expected to sell sugar by this system only. Each household is given a ticket on which is given the number of persons in the family, and spaces are provided for noting every purchase of sugar within the month. Three pounds per month per person is the allotment. The price of milk from wagons remains at 10c a quart, but grocers are allowed an extra cent to pay for the cost of ice.

In uncovering the mystery of large quantities of whiskey and other liquors stolen from the Colonial hotel, York, the past few months, Detective Charles S. White professes to explain how so many soldiers from Gettysburg have been able to get booze in York. When White on Saturday afternoon arrested a colored man who formerly worked at the Colonial and the latter implicated the kitchen steward and declared him to be the leader in the thieving enterprise; also when it was admitted that cases of whiskey had been placed in an automobile which hauled soldiers back to Gettysburg, and when it was also admitted that quarts, pints and half pints were sold to soldiers, it became pretty clear that a lot of soldiers were drinking expensive whiskey, which had been stolen from the Colonial. It was roughly estimated that between \$300 and \$400 worth of wet goods had been disposed of in this way. Robert McPherson, proprietor of the hotel, estimates his loss as a little over \$200. Most of the liquor was of the best brands and of the highest prices. It included both whiskey and gin.

When the funeral cortege which accompanied the remains of John Wambach, of Red Lion, arrived at St. James Lutheran church, between the Brogue and Brogueville, the mourners were refused admission to the church. The services were announced to be held there, and no trouble was expected. The sexton, however, refused to allow the church to be used and the services were conducted in the open in the shadow of the church. It appears that the objection was to the minister in charge, a Mr. Landis, who is a Hofferite or Free-thinker, and who conducted a short service at the house.

Although he was shot in the leg while manning a machine gun against the Germans in France, Private Earl Leroy Bechtel, son of Mrs. William Bechtel, of near Hanover, continued fighting until the next day, when his lieutenant ordered him to report to the doctor. The physician immediately sent him to a hospital to have the wound operated upon. His cousin, Claude Bechtel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bechtel, of the same place, has also been slightly wounded while in action.

In the casualty list sent out Saturday by the War department at Washington appears the name of Ernest A. Rouch, 19 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Noble H. Rouch, of York, together with a number of other names of those reported "missing in action." It is presumed that Rouch has been taken prisoner by the Huns, thus being the first York boy to fall into the hands of the German army.

During an electrical storm on Saturday afternoon about 1 o'clock, five head of cattle were struck and killed by lightning while grazing in an open field on the farm of S. C. Cruley, a short distance north of The Brouge. There were two cows, two steers and a heifer.

Curtis, the 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Curvin Weaver, of Hanover, had two toes of his right foot nearly severed by being caught between the chain and sprocket wheel of a bicycle.

Dr. Jno Stambaugh, the veterinary surgeon, of Wiota, was stricken with a stroke of paralysis on Thursday afternoon. It effected his face and throat, and he is unable to speak or eat.

The following mail remains uncalled for at the New Oxford postoffice: Miss Lucy Jacoby, John Colicks, Harry K. Baker, Milton Thomas, Mrs. W. D. Scott, Miss Adele Dixon, C. S. Lewis.

T. F. Warner, Postmaster.

Does Not Worry Now.

"I was advised to try Tonall and this wonderful remedy now makes me feel elegant," said Mrs. Ida M. Boyd of Stewartstown R. F. D. No. 1, York County, Pa.

"I had stomach trouble for a long time. It affected my nerves and my appetite was ruined. My nerves were unstrung and I was kept from sleeping.

Tonall completely renewed my entire system, strengthened my nerves and restored my appetite. And how I do sleep! Tonall is our family medicine!"

This testimonial was given July 12, 1918.

Tonall is sold at Ed. T. Auken's Drug Store, New Oxford.—Ad.

The Leader Store

The July Clearance Sale in Full Swing

Our tremendous Big Stock of Dresses, Waists and everything for Ladies' and Misses' Ready-to-Wear reduced below manufacturers' cost.
Come early and take advantage of our exclusive merchandise at greatly reduced prices.

Our Leaders for Saturday
50 Georgette Waists at \$2.88.
\$5.00 and \$6.00 Values, in all sizes and Beautifully Styled.

125 Wash Skirts
98c to \$3.98.

In Gabardines, Cords and Novelties greatly reduced. These skirts will never be duplicated for \$1.00 more on any one of them. All Sizes.

THE LEADER STORE,

Manufacturers and Retailers

Also an Entrance Through McCrory's 5c and 10c Store.

In the New White Bldg., Center Square, Hanover, Pa.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

Look sharp to the fabric in your clothes. Wool is scarce, and the requirements of the government will make it still scarcer. This is a time when your Kuppeheimer store means more to you than ever. For half a century the reputation of—The House of Kuppenheimer—has rested on the unequalled quality of its fabrics.

Up-to-date styles for Men and Young Men, as always.

If you buy it from me it must be right.

W. E. SHAFFER.

One Price

Clothier—Hatter—Furnisher
CARLISLE ST., HANOVER, PA.

Crystal Theatre

On and after June 20, 1918, the Crystal Theatre, Lincoln Way West, will be open on Thursday and Saturday nights of each week. On Thursday nights we will show

The William Fox Pictures

and on Saturday night will show

The Triangle Productions

All first-class up-to-date pictures.

6-20

JULY SPECIALS!

FOR THIS WEEK
Shirt Waists

in white, black and colored
Lawns and Voils, in all the new
pretty patterns and styles; sizes
from 36 to 46. These are all
good values and at these special
prices you should supply your
wants. They are bargains at
98 cts.

Hand Bags

Black water-proof enameled,
walnut-grain finish, in the new-
est shapes.

These prices represent a big
saving to you.
14-inch hand bag.....\$1.38
16-inch hand bag.....\$1.68
18-inch hand bag.....\$1.98
We also carry a line of

Suit Cases.

GET TO KNOW
A. P. Wagner,
Carlisle Street, New Oxford.

If you want the news subscribe for and read THE ITEM.

FOR SALE!

Several Used

Ford Touring Cars.

Big Bargains.

Apply to

Wm. Gilbert,

New Oxford.

Willis Thomas, of Bowler, purchased a touring car recently.

NEW OXFORD MILLING CO.**MARKET REPORT.**

Corrected Weekly.

No. 1 Wheat	\$2 11
No. 2 Wheat	2 09
No. 1 Rye	1 00
Oats	60
Corn	40-1 55
Barley	1 00

RETAIL PRICES.

Bran, per 100 lbs.	\$
Middlings, per 100 lbs.	1 75
Corn, per bu.	1 00
Mixed Oats, per bu.	3 40
Mixed Chop, per 100 lbs.	10 40
High Grade Flour, per bl.	2 50
Dairy Feed, per 100 lbs.	1 50
Blackford Calf Meal, 24 p. c. protein	1 50